

WE Sing to Him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear,
Our Songs, ô Thou, who gav'st us Voyces hear:
We joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth,
Whose Love's, the Harmony of Heaven and Earth:
Our Humble Sonnets shall that praise rehearse
Which is the *Musick* of the Universe.

Chor. *And whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our A R T ,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.*

Thus whilst our Thoughts grow audible in Words,
And Body with the ravish'd Soul accords,
We hallow Pleasure, and redeem the Voice
From vulgar uses, to serve Nobler Joies:
Whilst hollow Wood, and well-Tun'd Strings do give
Praises, the Dumb and Dead both Speak and Live.

Chor. *And whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our ART,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.*

Through cheerful Ayr with quicker wings we fly,
And make our labour sweet with Melody:
Thus we do imitate the Heavenly Chöires,
And with high Notes lift up more rais'd desires:
And that Above we may be sure to know
Our Part, we practice often here below.

Chor. Thus whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our ART,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart..

This is Composed to Musick
for Three Voices,
By Mr. John Jenkins.

IN SOLEMN MUSICK

OF FOUKE PARTS

On the Common-Tunes to the PSALMS in Metre:
Used in PARISH-CHURCHES.

Also Six HYMNS for One Voyce to the ORGAN.

For God is King of all the Earth, and ye shall be judged with righteousness, Psal. 47:7.

By JOHN PLAYFORD.

[illegible]

London, Printed by W. Godbid for J. Playford at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, 1671.

Ex (b)id. Sub. Ruffick v. de Ginter.



TO THE
REVEREND, LEARNED and PIOUS;
William Sancroft,
DOCTOR in DIVINITY,
and DEAN of
St. PAULS LONDON:

JOHN PLAYFORD
HUMBLY DEDICATETH
as a Testimony of his great Respects
THIS HIS COMPOSITION
OF
SOLEMN MUSICK of FOUR PARTS
TO
PSALMS and HYMNS.



The PREFACE.

MUSICK is a special gift of God, ordained first for his Divine Worship and Service: Secondly, for the delight and solace of Man. It is, as it is agreeable to Nature, so it is allowed by God, as a Temporal blessing, to recreate and cheer men, after long studies and labour Labours in their vocations. Musick hath in all Ages and Countries been revered and esteemed: By the Jews, for Religion and Divine Worship in the Service of God: By the Grecians and Romans, to induce Virtue; and incite Courage. The ancient Philosophers accounted it an Invention of the Gods, bestowing it on Men, to make them better conditioned than bare Nature afforded, which by the sweet and Harmonious consent, produced from the variety of Sounds, doth by its efficacy and delight move the affections to Virtue: It gently breaths and vents the Mourner's Grief, and heightens the Joy of them that are cheerful. If then God hath granted us so much benefit by the Civil use, undoubtedly the Divine and Spiritual will much more redound to our Internal comfort here, and Eternal joy hereafter. If when we Sing his Praises in his Holy Place we join our Hearts: For to Sing Praises to God is an Angelical office, it is a taste of the first fruits of Heaven, while we are on Earth; as one of our wise Poets excellently:

—All that we know
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

The Church of God here on Earth hath always allowed it a very honourable share in the Divine Worship and Service: No Science but Musick may enter the doors of the Church, saith venerable Bede. The Hymns and Psalms of Moses and David, so famous in the Jewish Church, are to this day in use in the Church of Christ. What esteem our blessed Saviour had of them, we may read in St. Matthew 26. 30. where we find him and his disciples singing an Hymn which Learned Doctor Hammond judges to have contained all the Psalms from the 112 to the 119, those being very suitable to the solemnity of the Paschal Lamb. The Disciples of our Lord after him express likewise the same esteem they had of Singing Praises as an holy Duty. St. James advieth, chap. 5. v. 13. Is any Afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing Psalms. St. Paul, Act. 16. 25. when in Prison, sang Praises unto God; and in several of his Epistles exhorts the Christians to do the like, Eph. 5. 19. Col. 3. 16. It were too tedious to enumerate the many Encouragements the Ancient Fathers have given of the Musick used in their Times in the Christian Churches. Holy St. Augustine in his Confession, lib. 9. chap. 6. speaks thus on his own experience: Oh! how I wept at the Hymns and Songs, being vehemently moved with the Voices, in thy sweet sounding Church: Those Voices did pierce mine Ears, and Thy truth distilled into my Heart, and thereby was inflamed in me a love of Pietie. And lib. 10. chap. 33. When I remember the tears which I pour'd forth at the Songs of Thy Church, I am now also moved with them, and am more confirmed in my Approbation of Musick in the Church. What the Practice was of the Eastern and Western Churches, even from the times of the Apostles, we find in the Church History, particularly in Sozomenus and Hieron, and most fully in Peter Martyr. But I think Divine Musick hath such an Universal reputation amongst Mankind, that it hath no Enemies but those whose enmity is no reproach. The Churches beyond the sea have it at this day in great esteem: Comenius saith, the Bohemian Churches have above 700 Hymns in use, besides the Psalms of David. And now (God be praised) it is restored to its former splendor and use, in these our Churches of England. And very desirably is Musick so much honour'd by a Church that hath so many Deliverances, so many Mercies to Sing Gods Praises for. And having said thus much of this heavenly Duty, of Singing the Praises of God, I shall take leave to subjoin a Brief Account of the Original of Singing Psalms in Metre.

The Custom of Singing Psalms had its Original in the Churches of Geneva.
Clement

The PREFACE.

Clement Martier, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to King Francis the First, being Excellent in Poetry, Translated 50 of Davids Psalms, which being well approved of when he came to Geneva, he Translated the other Hundred, and caused them to be fitted to several Tunes; which thereupon began to be sung in private Houses, and by degrees to be taken up in all the Churches of the French, and other Neighbouring Nations which were of the Reformed Religion: In like manner it had its beginning here in England, soon after the Reformation, about the Year 1550. in the Reign of King Edward the sixth, Thomas Sternhold, of the County of Hampshire Esq; and of the privy Chamber to King Edward the sixth, Translated Thirty seven of Davids Psalms into English Metre, leaving the rest to be finished by Mr. John Hopkins, William Whittingham and others; After whose death exceeded their Poetry: As such as it was, it was ranked with the best English Poets at that time. The whole Book of Psalms being thus Translated into English Metre, and having apt Tunes fit to them, was used and sung only for Devotion in private Families; but soon after by permission, brought into the Churches, being printed and bound up with the Books of Common-Prayer and Bibles, with Allowance to be sung before Morning and Evening Service, and also before and after Sermons: And for many Years, this part of Divine Service was Skillfully and Devoutly performed, with delight and Comfort, by many honest and Religious people; And is still continued in our Churches, but not with that Reverence and Esteem as formerly: Some not affecting the Translation, others not liking the Musick; both, I must confess, need Reforming. Those many Tunes formerly used to these Psalms, which for excellency of Form, Solitude of Note, and suitability to the Matter of the Psalms, are not inferior to any Tunes used in Foreign Churches: but at this day the Best, and almost all the Choice Tunes are lost, and out of use in our Churches: nor must we expect it otherwise, when in and about this great City, in above One hundred Parishes, there is but few Parish Clerks to be found that have either Ear or Understanding to set out of these Tunes Musically as it ought to be: A having been a Custom during the late Wars, and since, to Chase men into such places, more for their Poverty than Skill and Ability; Whereby this part of Gods Service hath been so ridiculously performed in most places, that it is now brought into scorn and Derision by many People: God in his good time move the Hearts of those whom it concerns hereafter, to Chase such men as may perform this duty to his Glory and the Honour of our Religion. As it is well set forth in this Hymn of Mr. George Herbert.

Chor. Let all the World, in every corner Sing, *Our* God and King.

<p>Ver. The Windows are not too high, His Praises may thence fly: The Earth is not too low, His Praises there may grow.</p>	}	<p>Ver. The Church with Psalms must shout, No Door can keep them out: But above all, the Heart Must bear the chiefest part.</p>
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Chor. Let all the World, in every corner Sing, *Our* God and King.

Therefore through the assistance of Almighty God, I have undertaken the Publication of this Work, hoping it will in some measure restore this part of Gods Service to its former Honour and Use, and be useful to many well disposed and Harmonious Christians. Herein I have selected all the best and choicest Tunes that have been formerly used to the Psalms in Metre, both the Short and Long Tunes, to the Number of Forty seven, setting all these Tunes to their proper and usual Hymns and Psalms, with variety of Translations to every Tune. The Common Tunes are all Printed in the Tenor Part, and in their proper Key, with the Basse under each Tune, as convenient to be sung to an Organ, Lute, or Viol. And to have this Musick more full and Solon, I have Compos'd to them two other Parts, viz. two Contratenors. All Four Parts working together, bring Compos'd to Mens Voices, and each Part in such a Compass of Notes as may be performed with ordinary Voices: And in such places where there is Treble Voices, they may Sing the Tenor or Common Tunes. All which, to the best of my skill, I have endeavour'd to make as plain and useful as so Solon a Work doth require. Nor have I followed the Method of any Books of this kind, formerly published: Those whose Curiosity desire Satisfaction in this particular, may by a small trial of both, soon find the difference.

The PREFACE.

Lastly, as to the Choice of the Translations of these Select Psalms and Hymns, the Psalms are most of the Common Translations, such as were used to these Tunes; yet with the advantage of some small Amendments in some places: For I must Confess no sober and serious Christian can look on this Translation but with sorrow and pity, that so Heavenly and Divine a part of Scripture should be wrapt up in such Coarse and Threadbare Language: but its Antiquity and long use in our Churches, hath taken such deep Root in the Memories of the Common sort of People, that it will be of some difficulty to pluck it up and plant a better: Many have attempted it by their more refined translations, but as yet none of them received into publick use; amongst which, Two lately published, viz. one by the Right Reverend Priest and Learned Dr. Henry King late Lord Bishop of Chichester, (whose memory, as obliged, I ever Honour.) The other by that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Miles Smith, yet Living: Both these Translations of the Psalms into Metre, for Elegancy of Style, Smoothness of Language, and suitability to the Musical Tunes, far exceed the former; and it were to be wished, that one of these Translations, (if Authority thought fit,) might be allowed and used in our Churches: And this may be easily done, it being the custom at this time for the Clerk to read every Line to the People before it is sung; who may without any disturbance, Inform the Congregation, that according to a more refined Translation, they are to sing such a Psalm, the Common Tunes agreeing exactly to these as they did to the old.

Wherefore some few Psalms out of these two Translations I have made use of in this Book; and some other excellent Translations of several Psalms which were never printed till now. To those which are Bishop Kings there is H. K. Those of Mr. Smiths, M. S. Those with G. H. are supposed to be Mr. George Herberts: Most of the Hymns were Collected out of an unknown (but no doubt a Pious and Religious) Author. The Work as it is (I hope) may be of double Use to those who have skill to sing; and to others who have not, to read these excellent and Divine Poems: Yet notwithstanding all this my Study, Care and Pains, I must not hope to escape the Common portion of all that come in print; that is, to feel the lash of some Centurions Criticks, who seek to gain credit to themselves by disparaging others. But this Book which I now adventure to publish, hath been perused by the most knowing men in this Divine Science; and upon their Judgements I shall not fear to recommend it to the World: As it is, it is not wholly perfect; for I have done but one half in setting the Musick, which yet remains but as a dead letter: It being your part to complete it, and to add life to its Harmonious Body, by your sweet According Voyces, singing the same in perfect Tune and Time, which is the Soul of Musick. That we may all so do, God grant us his grace so to sing his Praises in Hymns and Psalms and Spiritual Songs here on Earth, that hereafter in Heaven we may sing Hallelujahs in the blessed Chorus of Saints and Angels.

Which is the hearty prayer of him

who is a Friend and Wellwisher

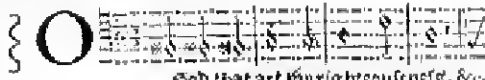
to all true Lovers of this Divine and

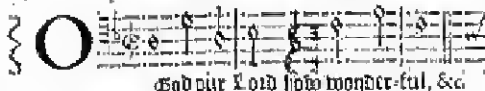
Heavenly Science of Musick.

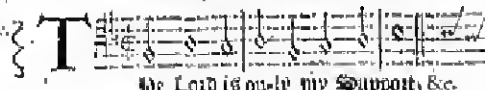
JOHN PLATFORD.

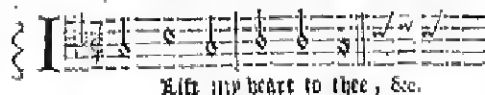
A TABLE of the first Line of all the several Tunes to the Psalms and Hymns contained in this Book.

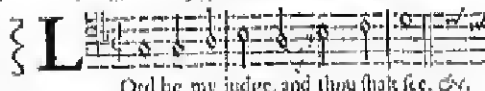
A Table of the short Tunes of Four Lines, whose measure is to Eight Syllables on the first Line, and Six in the next.

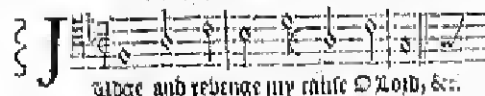
Oxford Tune.
Psal. IV.
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Lincoln Tune.
Psal. VIII.
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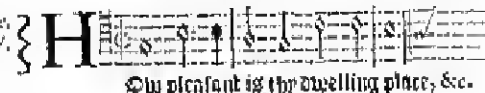
Canterbury Tune.
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Southwell Tune.
Psal. XXV.
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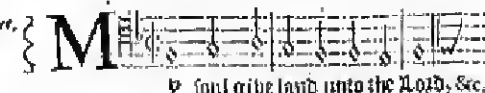
Worcester Tune.
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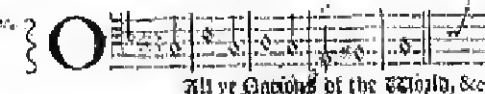
Torke Tune.
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Westminster Tune.
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O Lord upon thee do I call, &c.

Martyrs Tune.
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Psal. VI.
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R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, &c.

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A L people that on earth do dwell, &c.

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S O E. Jesus Christ, thy Saviours just ring see, &c.

A Table of the best Lines of all the several long Tunes, or Eight Line Tunes to the Psalms and Hymns Contained in this Book.

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Psal. III.
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O Lord how are my foes increased, &c.

Psal. XVIII.
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Psal. LXVIII.
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Psal. LXXI.
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I With my voice to God do cry, &c.

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L Ove how thine ear to my request, &c.

Psalm CXII.
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T he man is blest that God doth fear, &c.

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Y e Children which do serve the Lord, &c.

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B lest are they that perfect are, &c.

Psalm CXXX.
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L ord to thee I make my moan, &c.

Psalm CXXXVII.
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W hen as I late in Ba-bylon, &c.

Psalm CXLVIII.
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G ive laud unto the Lord, &c.

Veni Creator.
Page 2.

C ome Holy Ghost eternal God, &c.

Te Deum.
Page 4.

W e Praise thee God, we daily bless &c.

Magnificat.
Page 6.

M y soul doth magnifie the Lord, &c.

Nunc Dimittis.
Page 8.

N ow lettest Thou Thy servant, Lord, &c.

Here endeth the Table of the Tunes.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Uction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love:
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, keep peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son
And Thine of both to be but One:
That through the Ages all along
This still may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy Eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Hale-lu-jah Hale-lu-jah
Hale-lu-jah Hale-lu-jah.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator. ALTUS. J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Uction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love:
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, keep peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son
And Thine of both to be but One:
That through the Ages all along
This still may be our endless song:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

B

Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and love,
 Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
 That truth and godliness we may pursue with full desire.

2. Thou art the true Comforter
 in grief and all distress:
 The heavenly gift of God most high,
 no tongue can express.
 The fountain and the living spring
 of joy celestial:
 The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
 the anction spiritual.
 3. Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
 by them thy Church doth stand:
 In faithful hearts thou writest thy
 the finger of Gods hand, (said)
 According to thy promise, Lord,
 then givest speech with grace,
 That through thy help Gods praises
 resound in every place. (may)
 4. O Holy Ghost, into our minds
 send down thy heavenly light:
 kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
 to love God day and night.
 Our weakness strengthen and confirm
 (for Lord, thou knowest us true)
 That neither devil, world nor flesh
 against us may prevail.
 5. Put back our enemies far from us,
 and help us to obtain
 Peace in our hearts with God, and
 (the best, the truest gain.)

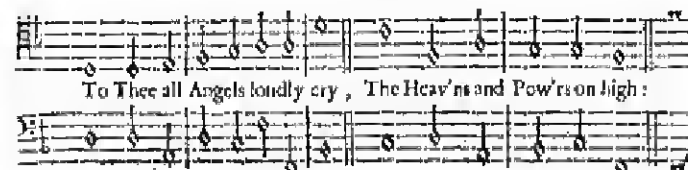
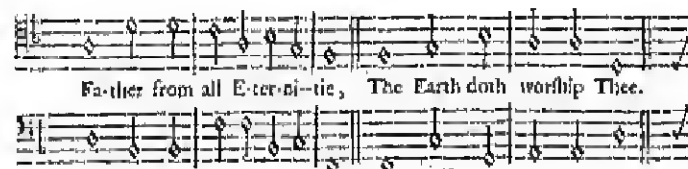
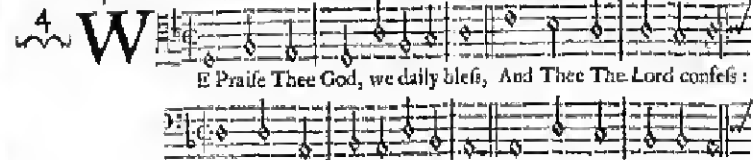
And grant that thou being, O Lord,
 our leader and our guide,
 We may escape the snares of sin,
 and never from thee slide. (grace)
 6. Such measures of thy powerful
 grant, Lord, to us we pray,
 That thou mayst be our comforter
 at the last dreadful day.
 Of strife and of contention
 dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
 And knit the knots of peace and love,
 Throughout all Christian lands.
 7. Grant us the grace that we may
 the Father of all might, (know)
 That we of his beloved Son:
 may gain the blissful sight:
 And that we may with perfect faith
 ever acknowledge thee,
 The Spirit of Father, and of Son,
 one God in persons three. (praise)
 8. To God the Father, land and
 and to his blessed Son,
 And to the holy Spirit of grace,
 Co-equal thine in one.
 And pray we that our only Lord
 would please his Spirit to send
 On all that shall profess his name,
 from hence to the worlds end.

Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and love,
 Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
 That truth and godliness we may pursue with full desire.

Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and love,
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Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
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 Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
 That truth and godliness we may pursue with full desire.

A. 4. Voc. Te Deum. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.



O Holy Holy Holy Lord,
Thou God of Hosts ador'd,
Thy Majesty and Glory fill
Both Earth and Heaven full.
Thee the Apostles glorious Quire
The Prophets Thee admire:
The Martyrs Noble Army raise
Blest Anthems in thy praise.

The Holy Church doth knowledg Thee
Father of Majesty:
Thy true and only Son, the great
Most Holy Paraclet,
Thou art, O Christ, of Glory King,
The Father Equalling:
Yet didst not, when to save us came,
Disdain the Virgins wombe,

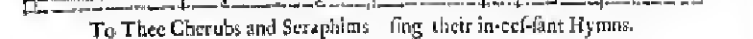
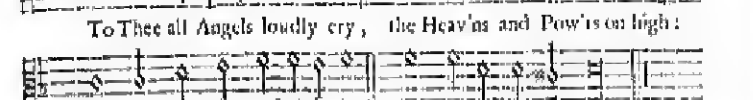
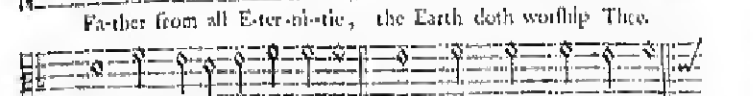
When thou the sharpness of Death sting
O'recam'st by suffering,
Heav'n's open'd kingdom thou didst give,
To all that Thee believe.

(whom
Thou sit'st at Gods right hand, from
Thou wilt to Judge us come:
Accomplish then thy servants good,
Bought with thy precious Blood.

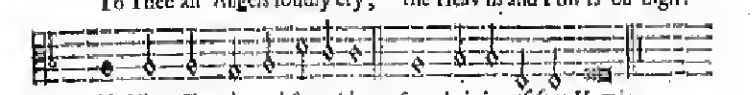
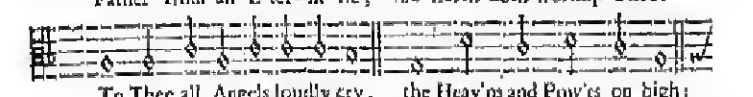
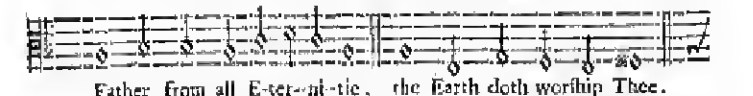
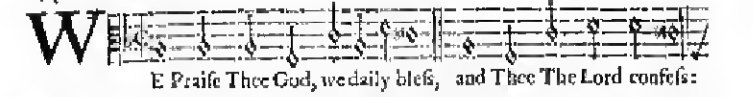
Amongst thy Saints in glory crown'd
Let them be number'd found:
Lord save thy people from mischance,
Bless thine Inheritance:
Govern and lift them up to bliss
Which true and endless is.
We day by day extoll thy fame,
Still worshipping Thy Name.

Vouchsafe this day which now begins
To keep us without sin:
Have mercy upon us; O Lord,
Thy helping grace afford.
Lord, as our hopes on Thee depend,
Thy mercy on us send.
O Lord in Thee I trusted have,
Me from confusion save.

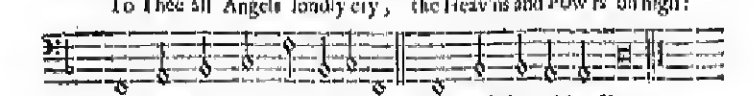
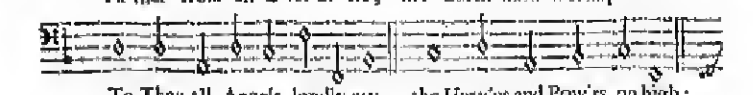
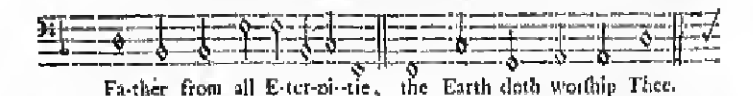
A. 4. Voc. Te Deum. ALTUS. J. Playford.



A. 4. Voc. Te Deum. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.



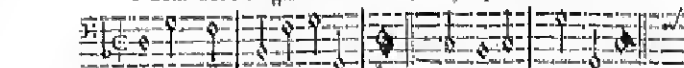
A. 4. Voc. Te Deum. BASSUS. J. Playford.



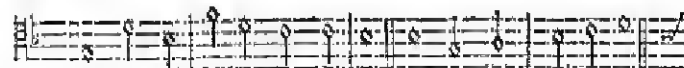
A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. **TENOR, or Common Tune.** *J. Playford.*

M

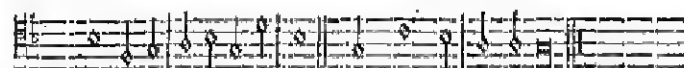
Y Soul doth magnific the Lord, my Spirit doth record



In her re-joy-cing Songs the Pow'r of God my Sa-vi-our:



For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate;



Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.



For he great things for me hath done,
Blest be his Name alone:
His mercies through all Times appear
to those which him do fear.
He with his arm much strength hath shew'd
to scatter all the proud:
He puts the Mighty from their seat,
and makes the Humble great.

The Hungry he hath fill'd with food,
and giv'n them all things good:
But he the Rich, whom pleasures sway,
hath empty sent away.
His mercy he remember'd hath,
to help his Servants faith:
As he to Abraham decreed,
and his Elected seed.

Glory to God the Father be,
glory to God the Son:
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
mysterious Three in One.
As at the first it was, is now,
and shall for ever be,
When this world ends, and the next world
puts on Eternitie.

H. K.

A Hymn for Sunday.
Behold me come, dear Lord, to thee,
and bow before thy throne:
We come to offer on our knee
our vows to thee alone.
What e're we have, what e're we are,
thy bounty freely gave:
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
and wilt hereafter save.

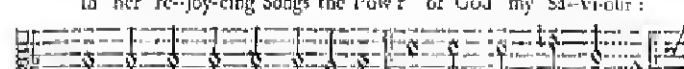
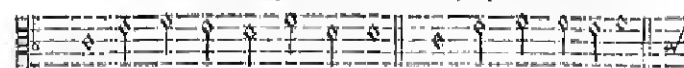
But O, can all our store afford
no better gifts for thee?
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,
and thus our poverty.
'Tis not our tongue, or knee can pay
the mighty debt we owe:
Far more we should, than we can say,
for lover than we bow.

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy pow'r
and grieve thou hast no more:
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
and thy great God adore.
But, above all, prepare thy heart
on this his own blest day,
in its sweet task, to bear thy part,
and sing, and love, and pray.

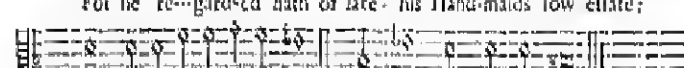
A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. **ALTUS.** *J. Playford.*

M

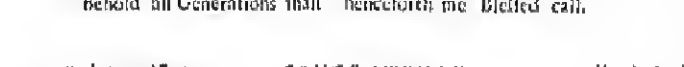
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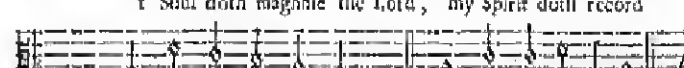
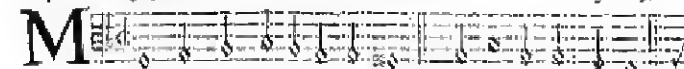
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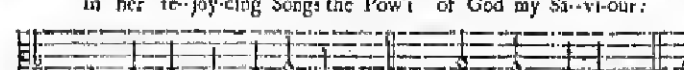
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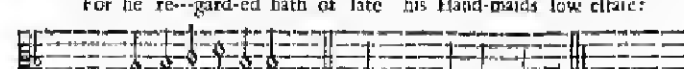
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For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate:

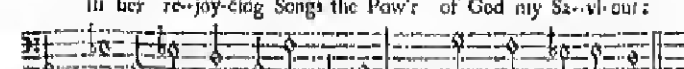


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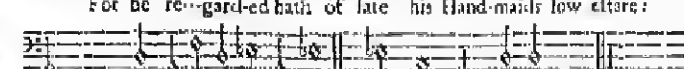
A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. **BASSUS.** *J. Playford.*

M

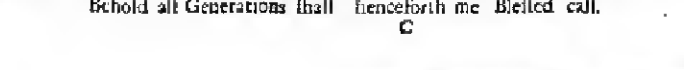
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Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

C

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. TENOR, or COMMON TUNE. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people Isra-el. H. K.

Another Translation.

Lord, let thy servant now in peace
unto the grave descend,
Since thine Eternal Word is come
unto the promis'd end.
For, with joy-ravish'd eyes have I
beheld thy saving grace,
Which thou, in mercy, hast prepar'd
before all peoples face.

A light, the Gentiles to inlight,
that in dark error dwell:
The glory of the happy Tribes
of faithful Israel.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
immortal glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still
to all eternitie.

M. S.

A HYMN.
MY God, had I my breath from thee,
this pow'r to speak and sing,
And shall my voice, and shall my song
praise any but their King?
My God, I had my soul from thee,
this pow'r to judge and chuse:
And shall my brain, and shall my will
their best to thee refuse?

Alas! not this alone, nor that,
hast thou bestow'd on me:
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have, and hope from thee.
And more I have, and more I hope
than I can speak or think:
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
then overflow the brink.

But though my voice and fancy be
too low to reach thy praise,
Yet both extoll thy glorious name
as high as they can raise.
All glory, honour, power and praise
to the mysterious Three,
As at the first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. ALTUS. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people Isra-el.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people Isra-el.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. BASSUS. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people Isra-el.

10 **T**

He man is blest that hath not bent to wicked read his ear;

For led his life as sinners doe, nor late in scorners chair;

But in the law of God the Lord doth set his whole delight;

And in that law doth exercise himself both day and night.

He shall be like the Tree that grows full by the river side,

Which bringeth forth most pleasant fruit in her due time and tide,

Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall, but flourish still and stand;

When to all things shall prosper well that this man takes in hand.

He shall not be like unto the ungodly men, nor shall he be like unto them;

But as the dust which from the earth the wind drives to and fro,

Wherefore shall not the wicked men in judgment stand upright;

For yet the sinners with the just shall come in place of sight.

For why? the way of godly men unto the Lord is known;

And also the way of wicked men shall quite be overthrowen.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all glory be therefore;

As in beginning was, is now, and shall be evermore.

That man hath perfect blessedness who walketh not astray

In counsel of ungodly men, nor stands in sinners way;

Nor sitteth in the scorners chair, but placeth his delight

Upon Gods law, and meditates on that, both day and night.

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Which bringeth forth most pleasant fruit in her due time and tide,

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When to all things shall prosper well that this man takes in hand.

12

Lord how are my foes increased which vex me more and more?

They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.

But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset:

My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.

Then with my hope upon the Lord
I did both call and cry:
And he out of his holy hill
Did hear me loudly.
I laid me down, and quietly
I slept, and rose again:
For why I know assuredly,
The Lord will me sustain.

If ten thousand had bent down to me in
I could not be afraid:
For thou art still my Lord and God,
My Saviour and mine aid.
Rise up therefore, save me, my God,
For now to thee I call:
For thou hast borne the cheek and teeth
Of these wicked men all.

Salvation only both belong
To thee, O Lord above:
Thou dost breathe upon thy folk
Thy blessing and thy love.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Another Translation.
How are my foes increased, Lord?
Many are they that rise
Against me, saying, for my soul
No help in God there is.
But thou, O Lord, art still the shield
Of my deliverance:
Thou art my glory, Lord, and he
That doth my head advance.

I cry'd unto the Lord, he heard:
I cry'd unto the Lord, he heard:
I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;
For God sustain'd me still.
Aided by him, I will not fear
Ten thousand enemies:
Nor all the people round about,
That can against me rise.

Arise, O Lord, and rescue me;
Save me, my God, from thine ill:
For thou upon the cheek-bone smit'st
Mine adversaries all.
And thou hast brook'd the wretched's teeth:
Salvation unto thee
Belongs, O Lord, thy blessing shall
Upon thy people be. G.H.

17

Lord how are my foes increased which vex me more and more?

They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.

But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset:

My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.

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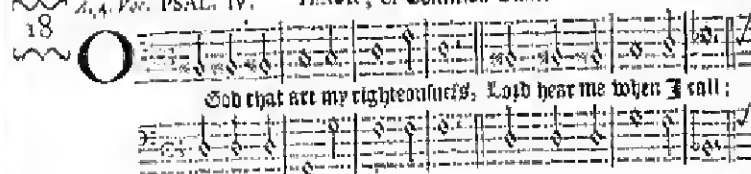
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They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.

But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset.

My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.



Have mercy Lord therefore on me,
and grant me my request;
For unto thee incessantly,
to cry I will not rest.

O mortal men how long will ye
in glory thus despise?
Why wander ye in vanity,
and follow after lies?

Know ye that god and godly men
the Lord both take and chuse:
And when to him I make my plaint,
he both me not refuse.

Sin not, but stand in awe therefore,
examine well your heart:
And in your chamber quietly
for you your selves convert.

Offer to God the sacrifice
of righteousness, I say:
And look that in the living Lord
you put your trust alway.

The greater sort crave worldly goods,
and riches do entice:
But Lord grant us thy countenance,
thy favour and thy grace:

For thou thereby shalt make my heart
more joyful and more glad
Then they that of their coin and wine
full great increase have had.

In peace therefore lie down with I,
taking my rest and sleep:
For thou only wilt me, O Lord,
alone in safety keep.

Another Translation.
Lord hear me when I call on Thee,
Lord of my righteousness:
O thou that hast enlarged me
when I was in distress.

Have mercy on me Lord, and hear
the Prayer that I frame:
How long will ye, vain men, convert
my glory into shame?

How long will ye seek after lies,
and vanity approve?
But know the Lord himself doth chuse
the righteous man to love.

The Lord will harken unto me
when I his grace implore:
O learn to stand in awe of him,
and sin not any more.

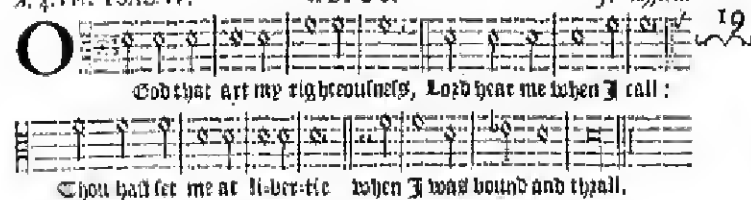
Within your chamber try your hearts,
offer to God on high
The sacrifice of righteousness,
and in his grace rely.

Many there are that say, O who
will shew us good? But Lord,
Thy countenance cheering light
do thou to us afford.

For that, O Lord, with perfect joy
shall more replenish me, (More
Then worldlings joy'd with all their
of corn and wine can be.

Therefore will I lie down in peace,
and take my restful sleep:
For thy protection, Lord, alone
shall me in safety keep.

G. H.



A Hymn to this Tune.

On Worldly Delights.

Why do we seek Felicitie
where 'tis not to be found;
And not, dear Lord, look up to Thee,
where all Delights abound?

Why do we seek for treasure here
on this false barren sand,
Where nought but empty shells appear,
and marks of shipwreck stand?

O World! how little do thy joys
concern a Soul that knows
It self not made for such low toys
as thy poor hand bestows?

How cross art thou to that design
for which we had our birth?
Us, who were made in Heaven to shine
thou bow'st down to thy Earth:

Nay to thy Hell, for thither sink
all that to thee submit:
Thou strew'st some flowers on the brink
to drown us in the pit.

World, Take away thy Tinsel wares
that dazzle here our eyes:
Let us go up above the stars,
where all our treasure lies.

The way we know our dearest Lord
himself is gone before,
And has engag'd his faithful Word
to open us the dore.

But, O my God, reach down thy hand,
and take us up to Thee,
That we about thy Throne may stand,
and all thy glory see.

F 2

20 A. 4. For. PSAL. VI. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

R

Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-sir-mi-tie.

O heal me, for my bones are vex'd,
my Soul is troubled very sore ;
But, Lord, how long so much perplex'd
shall I in vain thy Grace implore?

Return, O God! and rescue me,
my Soul for thy great mercy save ;
For who in death remember Thee?
or who shall praise Thee in the grave.

With groaning I am wearied,
all night I make my Couch to swim ;
And water with salt tears my Bed,
my sight with sorrow waxeth dim.

My beauty wears and doth decay
because of all mine Enemies ;
But now from me depart away
all ye that work Iniquities.

For God himself hath heard my cry ;
the Lord, vouchsafes to weigh my
Vea he my prayer from on high, (tears
and humble supplication hears.

And now thy foes the Lord will blame
that cr'lt so sorely vexed me,
And put them all to utter shame,
and to confusion suddenly.

Glorie, Honour, Power and praise
to the most glorious Trinity :
At the first beginning war,
is now, and to Eternity.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

Psalm 57.

BE merciful (O God) to me ;
whose Soul doth only trust in thee ;
To thy wings shadow will I hast
Till these Calamities be past.

My cry to God I will advance,
who always sends deliverance ;
His mercy saves me from their pow'r
who would both life and fame devour.

My Soul 'mongst Lyons is not hid,
e'en Sons of men with hate inflam'd,
whose teeth are spears & darts, whose words
more piercing, & more sharp than swords.

O God! above the Earth, or Sky,
exalted be thy Majesty ;
For my griev'd Soul they Nets prepare,
but in their own pits fallen are.

My heart (O God,) my heart is fix'd,
The Anthem sing with Praises mix'd ;
Awake my Glory, Harp awake,
Early will addresses make.

Thou 'mongst the Nations shalt be prais'd ;
whose mercy to the Clouds is rais'd :
O God above the Earth or Sky
exalted be thy Majesty.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all Praise and Glory be therefore :
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore, Amen.

G. H.

H. K.

A. 4. For. PSAL. VI. ALTUS. J. Playford.

R

Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-sir-mi-tie.

A. 4. For. PSAL. VI. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

R

Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-sir-mi-tie.

A. 4. For. PSAL. VI. BASSUS. J. Playford.

R

Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-sir-mi-tie.

Another to this Tune.

PSAL. XVI.

Preserve O God, and succour me,
who put my faithful trust in thee:
Thou, O my Soul, to him hast said,
Thou art my Lord and only aid.

To thee my goodness not extends,
no merit nor perfection lends ;
But my delight on Saints is plac'd,
by most excell'g virtues grac'd.

Their sorrows shall be multiply'd
who have on other gods rely'd :
To these I no burnt Offering,
nor bloody Sacrifice will bring.

Of them I neither mention make,
nor in my lips their names will take :
Thou only, who my portion art,
shalt have the duties of my heart.

God fills my cup, and doth advance
the lot of mine inheritance :
My lot in pleasant places lay'd,
a wealthy heritage have made.

Thou therefore wilt I ever bless
who gav'st me counsel in distress ;
And by thy warnings dost invite
my reins to serve thee in the night.

I set the Lord before eyes,
and hold him in my memory ;
Whil'st he assists at my right hand,
I stedfast and unmoved stand.

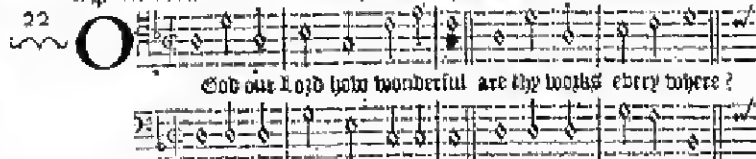
This glads my heart, my Glory shall
rejoyce, how low so ere I fall :
And in the grave my flesh shall rest,
with hope to Rise again poss'ess.

Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell
eternally condemn'd to dwell ;
Nur sufferest thy Holy One
in death to see corruption.

Thou wilt the path of Life declare,
at whose right hand and presence are
Such pleasures which no time shall end,
and joyes no thought can comprehend.

H. K.

G



Even by the mouths of sucking babes
thou wilt confound thy foes;
for in those babes thy might is seen,
thy grace they do disclose.

And when I see the heav'ns high;
the works of thine own hand;
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars,
in order as they stand:

What thing is man (Lord) think I then
that thou dost him remember?
Or what is man's posterity
that thou dost it consider?

For thou hast made him little less
then Angels in degree;
And thou hast crowned him also
with glorious dignity.

Thou hast preferr'd him to be Lord
of all thy works of wonder:
And at his feet hath set all things,
that he should keep them under.

All Sheep, and Oxen, yea and Beasts
that in the fields do feed;
Fowls of the air, Fish in the sea,
and all that therein breed.

Therefore must I say once again;
O God that art our Lord:
How famous and how wonderful
are thy works through the world?

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be ever more.

Another Translation.

Lord how illustrious is Thy name
ev'n to the Earth's extent;
Thou hast Thy Glory thrond' above
the spangled Firmament.

Babes that yet draw the Breast, pro-
the Trophies of Thy Arm: (foer)
That Thou might'st silence Thy proud
and the Avenger charm.

When we to Heaven (Thy Glorious
diviner fancy bears;
The various Moon, and Stars by Thee
fix'd in still-rolling Spheres.

Ravish'd I cry, Lord! what is man
that he Thy thoughts should share?
Or what's the son of man? that Thou
should'st take him in Thy care?

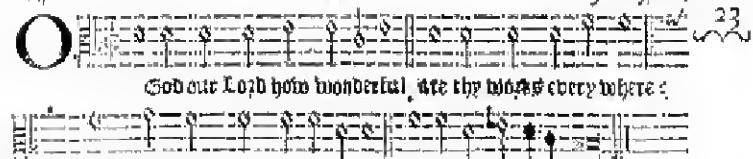
Little below the Angels, Thou
hast him with Glory crown'd;
Made Sovereign of thy works, and all
to his subjection bound.

The Sheep that cloaths, and feed, the
that tills the patient Fields;
The Forrest beast, the Fowl that in
the Clouds her Cradle builds.

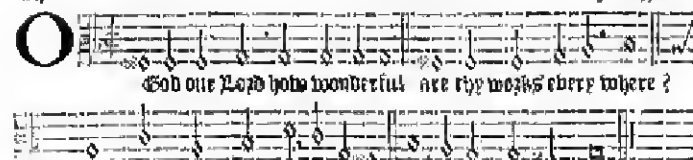
The Fish that takes his pleasure in
the brispy Element;
Lord how illustrious is Thy Name
even to the earth's extent.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still
to all Eternitie.

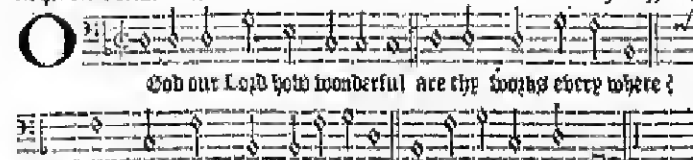
M. S.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heav'ns clear.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heav'ns clear.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heav'ns clear.

Another to this Tune.

PSAL. XII.

Help Lord, for godly men decrease;
goodness on earth doth cease:
And, like all other Mortals fall,
the Faithful Persons fall.

Each to his Neighbour vainly speaks,
and to deceive him seeks:
With flattering Lips, and double Hearts,
they use deceitful arts.

God shall cut off their guilful tongues
pust up with pride and wrongs:
Who say, our words their ends shall gain,
what Lord can us restrain!

But for th' oppressions of the poor,
Whose sighs their wants deplore;
Now, saith the Lord, will I arise
To ease their miseries:

The words, which from the Lord we
are pure, and most sincere;
As silver in the furnace try'd,
and sev'n times purify'd.

Thou shalt, O Lord, keep thine Elect,
and from this race protect:
The wicked live esteem'd, and prais'd,
when vilest men are rais'd.

H. K.

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:
 Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity:
 My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord,
 most worthy to be serv'd:
 Then from my foes I am right sure
 that I shall be preserv'd:
 The pangs of death did compass me,
 and bound me every where:
 The flaming hatred of wickedness
 did put me in great fear.

The lie and subtle snares of Hell
 were round about me set:
 And for my life there was prepar'd
 a deadly trapping net.
 I chafe beset with pain grief,
 did pray to God for grace:
 And he, forthwith, my prayer heard
 out of his holy place.

The Lord alwaies will me reward
 as I have done aright:
 And to the cleanness of my hands
 appearing in his sight.
 Thou Lord, with him that holy is
 will still be holy too,
 And to the good and virtuous man
 right graciously wilt do.

And to the loving and elect
 Thy love thou wilt reserve:
 But Thou wilt use the wicked men,
 as wicked men deserve.
 Thou Lord, with the afflicted save,
 in grief that sore do lie:
 But wilt bring down the countenance
 of them whose looks are high.

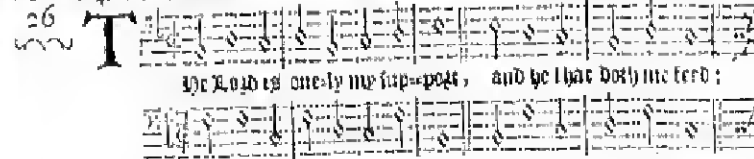
The Lord will light my candle so,
 that it shall shine full bright:
 The Lord my God will make also
 my darkness to be light,
 for by Thy help an host of men
 will combat Lord I shall:
 By Thee I shall and over leap
 the strength of any wall.

Unspotted are the trales of God,
 his word is purely try'd:
 He is a sure defence to such
 as in his faith abide.
 For who is God, except the Lord?
 for other there is none:
 Or else who is omnipotent,
 saving our God alone?

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:
 Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity:
 My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:
 Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity:
 My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

O God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:
 Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity:
 My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.



Another Translated

PSAL. XXIII.

The Lord is one-ly my sup-port,
the tender grafs tall by;
And after drives me to the streams
wholly run most pleasantly.

And when I feel my self near lost,
then doth he me home take;
Conducting me in his right paths,
even for his own name sake.

And though I were even at death's doore,
yet would I fear none ill:
For with thy rod and shepherds crook
I am comforted still.

Thou hast my table richly deck'd,
in despite of my foe:
Thou hast my head with balm refresh'd
my cup doth overflow.

And finally while breath doth last,
thy grace shall me defend:
And in the house of God will I
my life for ever spend.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

The God of love my Shepherd is,
and he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
what can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grafs,
where I both feed and rest:
Then to the streams that gently pass,
in both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert
and bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
but for his Holy name.

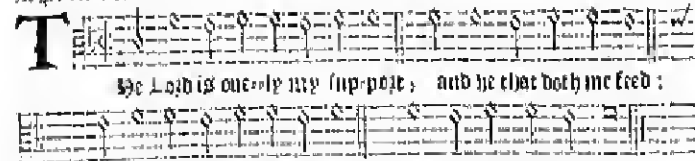
Yea, in death's shady black abode
well may I walk not fear:
For thou art with me, and Thy Rod
to guide, Thy Staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me lie and dine
ev'n in my enemies sight:
My head with Oyle, my cup with Wine
runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous Love
shall measure all my dayes:
And as it never shall remove,
so neither shall my praise.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
one Consubstantial Three:
All highest praise, all humblest thanks
now, and for ever be.

G.H.



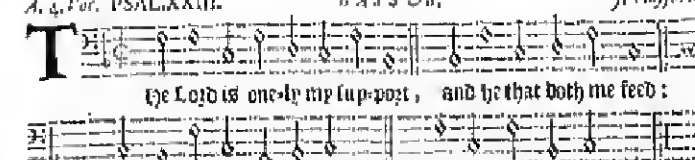
How can I then lack a-ny thing, where-of I stand in need?

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. XXIII. CONTRA TENOR.



How can I then lack a-ny thing, where-of I stand in need?

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. XXIII. BASS.



How can I then lack a-ny thing, where-of I stand in need?

A Hymn to this Tune.

O Lord my Saviour and support,
grant that the words and cries
My heart doth vent and tongue report
be pleasing in thine eyes.

O Blessed Lord! why dost thou love
such worthless things as these?
Why is thy heart still towards us
who seldom think on Thee?

Thy bounty gives us all we have,
and we thy gifts abuse:
Thy bounty gives us ev'n Thy self,
and we Thy self refuse.

My Soul, and why? why do we love
such wretched things as these?
These that withdraw us from our God,
and His pure eyes dispense.

Break off, and raise thy many eyes
up to those joys above:
Behold all these thy Lord prepares
to woo, and crown thy love.

Alas dear Lord! I cannot love,
unless Thou draw my heart:
Thou who thus kindly make'st me know,
O make me do my part.

Still do Thou love me, O my Lord!
that I may still love Thee:
Still make me love Thee, O my God!
that thou may'st still Love me.

Thus may my God, and my poor Soul
still one another love:
Till I depart from this low World
To enjoy my God above.

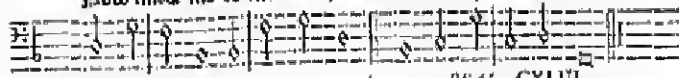
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all eternitie.



Lift thy heart to thee, my God and guide most just:



Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee do I trust.



Let not my foes rejoice,
not make a scorn of me:
And let not them be overjoyed,
that put their trust in thee,
But shame shall them befall,
which harm them wrongfully:
Therefore thy paths and thy right ways
unto me Lord direct.

Direct me in thy truth,
and teach me, I thee pray:
Thou art my God and Saviour,
on thee I wait alway.

Thy mercies manifold,
I pray thee, Lord remember:
And see thy pity plentiful,
for they have been for ever.

Remember not the faults
and frailties of my youth:
Remember not how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.

Now alter my defects
let me thy mercy find:
Out of thine own benignity,
Lord have me in thy mind.

His mercy is full sweet,
his truth a perfect guide:
Therefore the Lord will surely teach,
and such as go aside.

The humble he will teach
his precepts for to keep:
He will direct in all his ways,
the lowly and the meek.

For all the ways of God
are truth and mercy both:
To them that keep his Testament,
the windows of his truth.

Now for thy holy Name
O Lord, I thee intreat,
To grant me pardon for my sin,
for it is wondrous great.

Who so doth fear the Lord,
the Lord will him direct,
To lead his life in fairly a way
as he doth best accept.

PSAL. CXLIII.

O Lord, my Prayer hear
presented in Thy fear:
With mercy answer my request,
in humblest words express.
Weigh not in Judgment's scales,
thy Servant daily fails:
For no man living in thine eye
himself shall justify.

My foes which do pursue
my Soul, by ways undue:
Make me in darkness hide my head,
like those have been long dead:

My spirit faint and worn
is by my griefs a're born:
My Heart within me doth decay
through my dejected state.

Yes like the days of old
in my remembrance hold:
Thy wonders past I meditate,
and all thy works of late.

To Thee I stretch my hands,
like as the thirsty lands
The fruitful rain desire to see,
so thirsts my soul for Thee.

Hear me O Lord with speed,
my fainting spirit heed:
Lest if thou frown I prove like those
the pit of death doth close.

O let my longing ear
sometimes Thy kindness hear:
In Thee I trust, reveal that path
thy truth prescribed hath.

Teach me to do Thy will,
that I may please Thee still:
Let thy good Spirit me direct,
to live with thine elect.

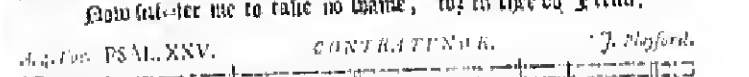
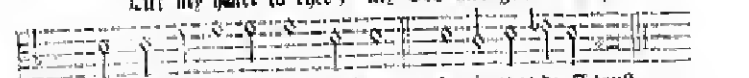
Lord quicken me again,
dense Thou my sinful stain:
For Thy great name, and justice sake
my Soul from trouble take.

I am Thy servant Lord,
my comfort is Thy word:
Then of Thy goodness those destroy
who in my sorrows joy.

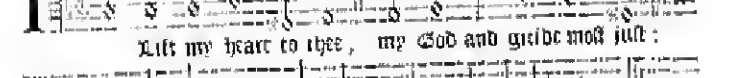
H.K.



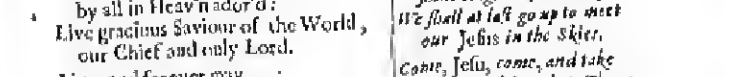
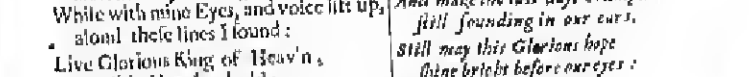
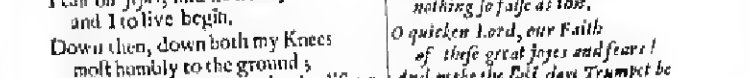
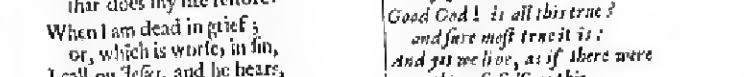
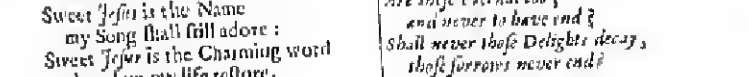
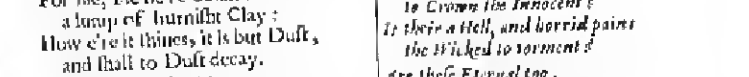
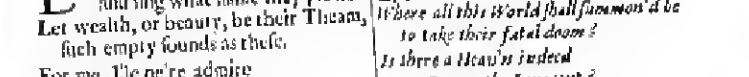
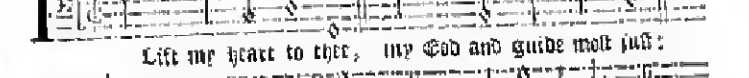
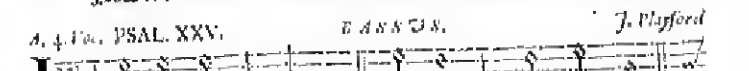
Lift my heart to thee, my God and guide most just:



Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee do I trust.



Lift my heart to thee, my God and guide most just:
Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee do I trust.



Let others take their course,
and sing what name they please:
Let wealth, or beauty, be their Theme,
such empty sounds as these.

For me, the ne're admire
a lump of burnish'd Clay:
How e're it shines, it is but Dust,
and shall to Dust decay.

Sweet Jesus is the Name
my Song shall still adore:
Sweet Jesus is the charming word
that does my life restore.

When I am dead in grief;
or, which is worse, in sin,
I call on Jesus, and he hears,
and I to live begin.

Down then, down both my Knees
most humbly to the ground;
While with mine Eyes, and voice lift up,
around these lines I sound:

Live Glorious King of Heav'n,
by all in Heav'n ador'd:
Live gracious Saviour of the World,
our Chief and only Lord.

Live, and forever may
Thy Throne establish'd be:
Forever may all hearts and tongues
sing Hymns of Praise to Thee.

And do we then believe
there is a World to come,
Where all this World shall summon'd be
to take their fatal doom?

Is there a Heav'n indeed
to crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell, and horrid pains
the Wicked to torment?

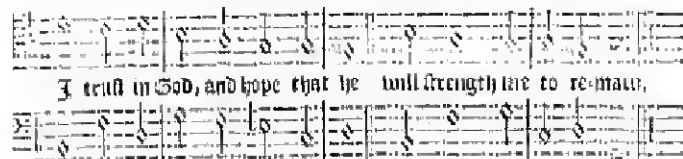
Are these Eternal too,
and never to have end?
Shall never these Delights decay,
these sorrows never end?

Good God! is all this true?
and sure most true it is:
And yet we live, as if there were
nothing so false as this.

O quicken Lord, our Faith
of these great joys and fears!
And make the last days Trumpet be
still sounding in our ears.

Still may this Glorious hope
shine bright before our eyes:
We shall at last go up to meet
our Jesus in the Skies.

Come, Jesus, come, and take
our banish'd souls to Thee:
Come quickly Lord, that in Thy light
our Eyes Thy light may see.



Prove me my God, I thee desire,
my ways to search and try:
As men do prove their gold with fire,
my reins and heart espie.
Thy goodness said before my face,
I do behold alwayes;
For in thy truth I tread the path,
and will do all my dayes.
I do not love to flay and sit
with those whose deeds are vain:
To come in house I do refuse
with the deceitful train,
I much abhor the wicked sort,
their deeds I do despise:
I do not once to them resort,
that wicked works devise.
My hands in Innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purge:
And so unto thine Altar go,
and offer there will I.
That I may there set forth the pinise
that both belong to thee:
And so declare how wondrous waies
thou hast been good to me.
O God, thy house I love most dear,
to me it doth excel:
Yea, in that place I do delight,
where both thine honour dwell.
O that not up my soul with them,
in sin that take their fill:
Nor yet my life among those men
that seek much blood to spill.
Who do employ their hands and might
to practice mischief still:
Subverting justice, truth and right,
and bribes their hands do fill.
But I in righteousness intend,
my time and days to serve:
Have mercy Lord, and me defend,
so that I do not swerve.
My feet is stand for all assaies,
it standeth well and right:
Therefore to God I will give praise
in all his peoples sight.

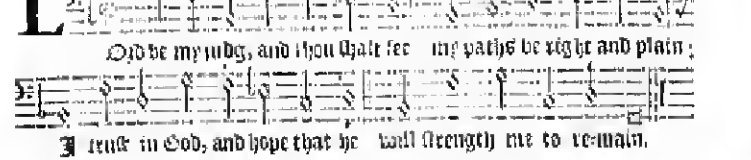
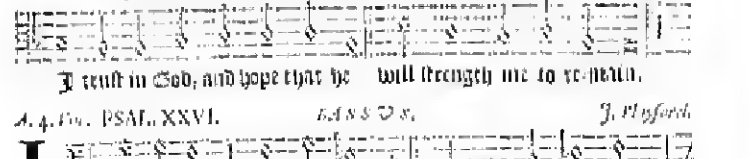
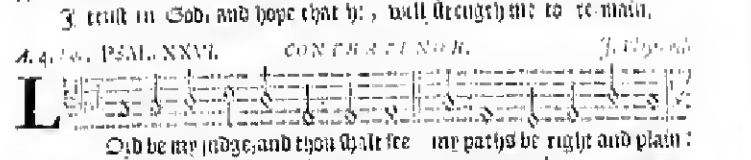
Joshua Translated.
Judge me, (O God) for in thy path
my foot insisted hath:
My trust hath on the Lord rely'd,
therefore I shall not slide.
Examine me, (O Lord) and try
my reins and heart desire:
Thy mercy lift is in my sight,
thy truth hath kept me right.
I have not with vain persons sat,
nor those that use deceit:
All congregations I detest,
nor am the sinners guest.
In Innocence, I'll wash my hand,
so at Thine Altar stand:
That I may publish in my Song
what thanks to thee belong.
O Lord, devoutly I affect
the house Thou dost elect:
I love the honour of that place
Thy presence deigns to grace:
Shut not my Soul, nor judge my life
with men of blood and strife:
Whose arm it self in mischief lifts,
whose hand is fill'd with gifts.
In mine Integrity I go,
save me, and mercy show:
So will I praise Thee, when my feet
within Thy Temple meet.

H. K.

Another to this Tune.

PSAL. VII.

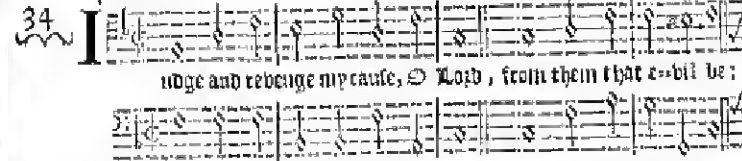
Save me, my Lord, my God, because
I put my trust in Thee:
I from all that persecute my life,
O Lord deliver mee!
As I like a Lion swollen with rage
he do devour my soul:
And peace-meal rent it, while there's
his malice to controul.



1 If I have done this thing, O Lord,
If I be guilty be:
+ If I have ill rewarded him
that was at peace with me.
Yea, have not oft I heard him
that was my enemy sue:
+ Then let mine enemies prevail
unto mine overthrow.
Let him pursue and take my soul,
yea, let him to the clay
Tread down my life, and in the dog's
my slaughter'd honour lay.
+ Arise in wrath O Lord, advance
against my foes assault:
Wake and contend that Judgment now,
which Thou dost so preordain.
7 So shall the people round about,
resort to give Thee praise,
For their sakes, Lord, return on high,
and high thy Glory raise.
8 The Lord shall judge the people all;
O God, consider mine affliction:
According to my righteousness,
and mine integrity!
9 The wicked's malice, Lord, confound,
but just men ever guide:
Thou art that righteous Good by whom
the hearts and reins are try'd.

God is my shield, who doth preserve
those that in heart are right:
He judgeth both the good, and those
that do his justice fight.
Unless the wicked turn again,
the Lord will rebuke his sword:
His bow is bent, his quiver is
with shafts of vengeance stor'd.
The fatal instruments of death
in that prepared be:
His arrows are ordain'd to slay
that persecute me.
Behold the wicked travell'd
with his iniquity:
Explains of mischief he conceives,
but shall bring forth a lie.
The wicked digged, and a pit
for other's ruine wrought:
But in the pit, which he hath made
shall he himself be caught.
To his own head his wickedness
shall be returned home:
And on his own accursed pate
his cruelty shall come.
But I for all his righteousness
the Lord will magnify:
And ever praise the glorious name
of him that is on high.

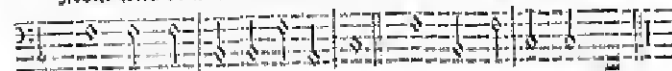
G. H.



Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:



from wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.



For of my strength thou art the God,
Why putt thou me thee fro?
And why walk I so heavily,
oppressed with my foe?
Send out thy light and eke thy truth,
and lead me with thy grace;
Which may conduce me to thy hill,
and to thy dwelling place.
Then shall I to the Altar go
of God my joy and cheer:
And on mine harp give thanks to thee,
(O God) my God most dear.
Where art thou then so sad, my soul,
and frettest thus in my breast?
Still trust in God, for him to praise,
I hold it ever best.
By him I have deliverance
against all pain and grief:
He is my God, to which doth always
at need lend me relief.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Another Translation.

PSAL. XLIII.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
against the mercenary:
O save me from the man of fraud,
and sons of wickedness!
Thou art my God, my strength, why then
halt thou abandon'd me?
Why go I mourning, broken thus
by prospering Tyranny?
Send forth thy rays of light and truth
to be my faithful guides
Unto thy Holy Mountain, where
Thy Majesty resides.

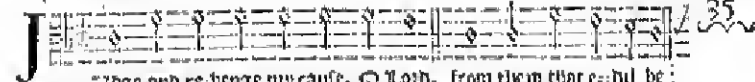
Then will I to the Altar go,
of God my joy of joyes:
The well tun'd harp shall speak thy praise
my God, with pleasant noyse.
My soul, why art thou so bow'd down
with sorrows overprest?
Why do despairing thoughts disturb
thy peace, and break thy rest?
Have faith in God, for I shall yet
sing forth His praise Divine:
He to my countenance is health,
he's God, and shall be mine.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be:
As was, as now, and shall be still,
to all Eternitie.

M. S.

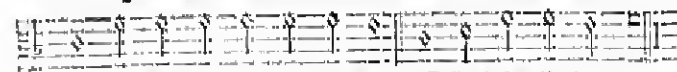
Another to this Tune.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

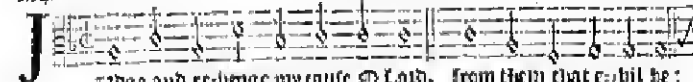
Blessed is the man that fears the Lord,
and walketh in His wayes:
For of his labour he shall eat,
and happy is his dayes.
His Wife shall as a fruitful Vine
by his house side be found:
His Children like to Olive plants,
about his table round.
Behold the man that fears the Lord,
thus blessed shall he be:
The Lord shall out of Zion give
his blessing unto thee.
Thou shalt Jerusalem's good behold,
 whilst thou on earth dost dwell:
Thou shalt thy Childrens Children see,
and peace on Israel.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one God in persons three:
All Honour, Praise, and Glory most,
both now, and ever be.



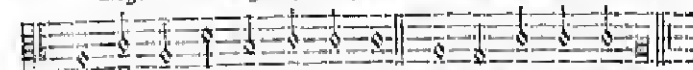
Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:



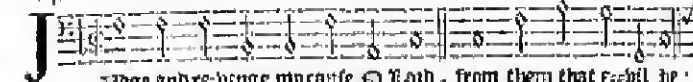
from wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.



Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:



from wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.



Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:



from wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.

A Hymn to this Tune.

Blessed, O Lord, be thy wise grace,
that governs all our day:
And to the night assigns its place,
to rest us in our way.

If works the Labouring hand impair,
or Thoughts the studious mind:
Both are consider'd by thy care,
both fit refreshment find.

Fit to relieve their present state,
fit to prepare the next:
While we are taught to meditate,
this plain and useful Text.

As every Night layes down our head,
and Morning opens our eyes:
So shall the dust be once our bed,
and so we hope to rise.

To rise and see that Glorious light
spring from those eyes of Thine:
Not to be check'd by any night,
but clear forever shine.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
one everlasting Lord:
As at the first, still may He be
belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

36 A. 4. Voc. PSAL. LI. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Hayford.

Lord consider my distress, And now with speed some pity take:

Why thus de-face, my faultes redress, Good Lord for thy great mercies sake.

Wash me O Lord, and make me clean, from this unjust and sinful act:

And pu-ri-tye yet once a-gain, My hal-nous crime and blood-y fact.

Wash me O Lord, and make me clean, from this unjust and sinful act:

And pu-ri-tye yet once a-gain, My hal-nous crime and blood-y fact.

Arise and sojourn doth constrain
Me to acknowledge mine offences:
Why thus, alas, doth still remain
Before my face without release,
For thee alone I have offended,
Committing evil in thy sight:
And if I were therefore condemned,
Yet were thy judgments full of right.
It is too manifest, alas,
That first I was conceiv'd in sin:
Pea of my mother so born was,
And yet vile wretch remain therein.
Also behold, Lord thou dost love
The inward truth of a pure heart:
Therefore thy wisdom from above
Thou hast reveal'd me to convert.
If thou wilt, O Lord, purge this blot,
I shall be clean: then the glass
And if thou wilt away my spot,
The snow in whiteness shall I pass.
Therefore, O Lord, such joy me send,
That inwardly I may find grace:
And that my strength may now amend
Which thou hast forgiv'n my trespass.
Turn back thy face and frowning ire,
(For I have felt enough thine hand)
And purge my sins I thee desire,
Which do in number pass the sand.

Make me in my heart truth in my breast,
And scame it to thy holy rest:
Thy constant Spirit in me let rest,
Which may thee crying in times still
Call out not, Lord, out from thy face,
But speedily my Comments end:
Take not from me thy Spirit of grace
Which may from dangers me defend
Beside me to those joys again,
Which I was wont in thee to find:
And let the free Spirit rejoice,
Which unto thee may give my mind.
Touch thou my lips, my tongue unite,
O Lord, which art the only key:
And then my mouth shall testify
Thy wondrous works a praise alway.
And as for outward sacrifice,
I would have offer'd many a pile:
But thou alter'dst them of no price,
And therein pleasure takest none.
The heavy heart, the mind oppress,
O Lord, thou never dost reject:
And so speak truth, it is the best,
And of all sacrifice thy effect.
Lord, unto Zion turn thy face,
Pour out thy mercies on thine hill:
And on Jerusalem thy grace,
Build up the walls and love it still.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. LI. ALTUS. J. Hayford. 37

Lord consider my distress, And now with speed some pity take:

Why thus de-face, my faultes redress, Good Lord for thy great mercies sake.

Wash me O Lord, and make me clean, from this unjust and sinful act:

And pu-ri-tye yet once a-gain, My hal-nous crime and blood-y fact.

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Wash me O Lord, and make me clean, from this unjust and sinful act:

And pu-ri-tye yet once a-gain, My hal-nous crime and blood-y fact.

Let God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His enemies then will run a-broad, and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
So in the presence of the Lord, the wicked shall de-ray.

But righteous men before the Lord
Shall heartily rejoyce:
They shall be glad, and merry all,
and cheerful in their voice.

Sing praise, sing praise unto the Lord,
who rideth on the skie:
Extol the name of JAM our God,
and him do magnifie.

That same is he that is above,
within his Holy place;
That Father is of Fatherless,
and judge of widows case,
Whom he gives, and issue both,
unto the comfortless:
He bringeth bondmen out of thral,
and rebels to direct.

When thou didst march before thy folk
th' Egyptians from among: (dreadful)
And broughtst them through the wild,
which was both wide & long.

The earth did quake, the rain pour'd
heard were great clogs of thunder:
The mount Sinai stood in such sort,
as it would cleave in sunder.

Therefore ye Nations of the earth
give glory to the Lord:
Sing praises to God with one consent,
there to let all accord.

Who dwelleth and for ever hath
abode in Heavens bright:
And by his fearful thunder-claps
all men may know his might.

Therefore the strength of Israel
ascrib'd to God on high: (and)
Whose might and power doth far ex-
ceed above the cloudy skie.
O God, thy Holyness and Power
is dreadful evermore.
The God of Israel gives us strength,
praised be God therefore.

Let God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His enemies then will run a-broad, and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
So in the presence of the Lord, the wicked shall de-ray.

Et God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His enemies then will run a-broad, and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
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His enemies then will run a-broad, and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
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Let God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

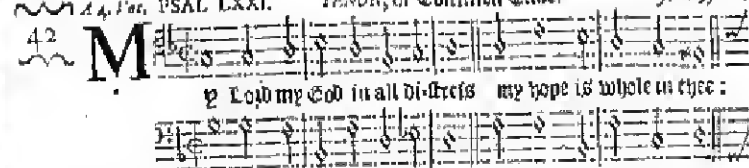
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And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
So in the presence of the Lord, the wicked shall de-ray.

Et God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His enemies then will run a-broad, and scatter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
So in the presence of the Lord, the wicked shall de-ray.



Be thou my rock to whom I may
for aid all times resort;
Thy promise is to help alway,
Thou art my fence and fort.
Save me my God from wicked men,
and from their strength and power,
from men unjust and eke from them
that cruelly devour.

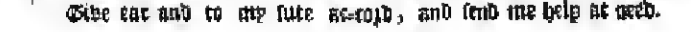
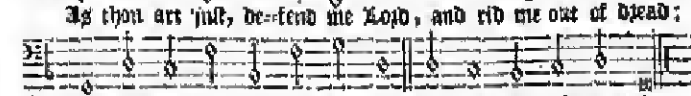
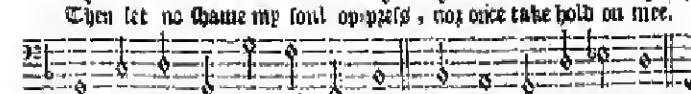
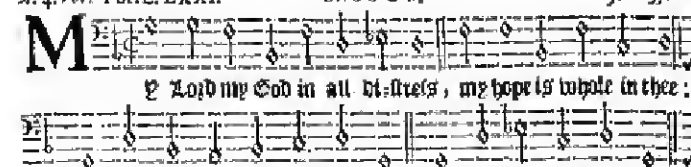
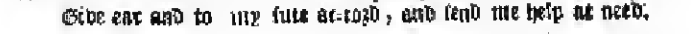
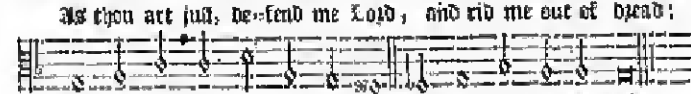
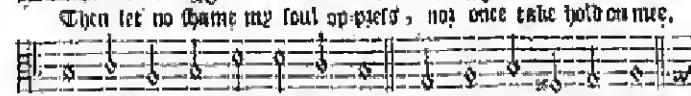
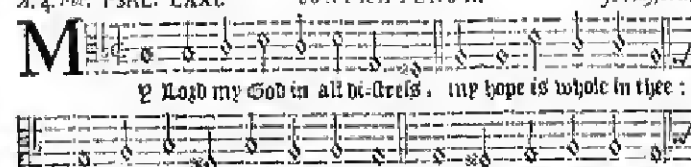
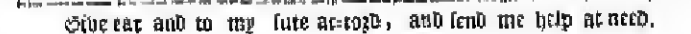
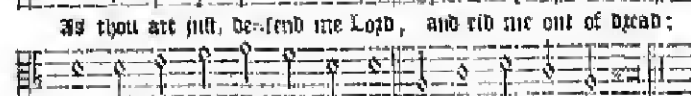
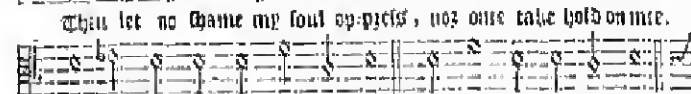
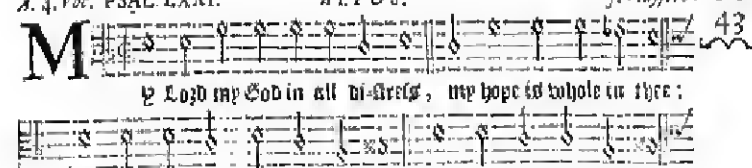
Thou art the way wherein I trust,
thou Lord of Hosts art he:
Yea from thy routh my trust hath been
still to depend on thee.
Thou hast me kept ev'n from my birth
and I through thee was born:
Wherefore I will sing praise to thee
both evening and at morn.

Refuse me not, (O Lord) I say
when age my limbs do take:
And when my strength doth wax away
do not my soul forsake.
With shame confound and overthrow
all those that seek my life:
And let dishonour be on those
that seek to mock me strife.

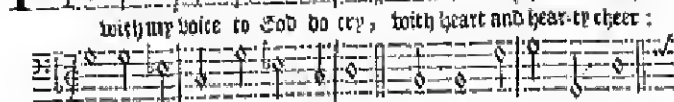
O Lord, thou of my routh took'st care
and dost preserve me still;
Therefore thy wonders to declare,
I bend my mind and will.
O Lord, thy justice doth exceed,
thy doings all may see:
Thy works are wonderful indeed,
Lord! who is like to thee?

Thou mad'st me feel affliction sore,
and yet thou didst me save:
Yea, thou didst help, and me restore,
and took'st me from the grave.
And thou my honour shalt increase,
my comfort shall abound;
For with thy comforts and thy peace
thou shalt me compass round.

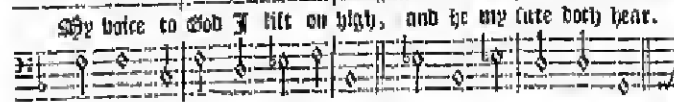
Therefore thy faithfulness to praise,
I will with viol sing:
And on my Harp sound forth thy praise
O God, my God and King.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all eternity.



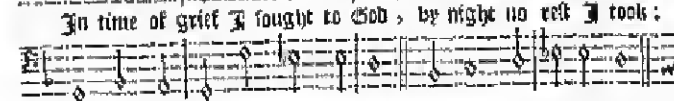
With my voice to God do cry, both heart and heart-ty cheer:



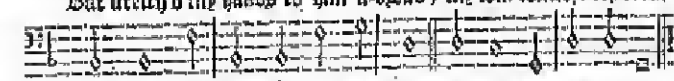
My voice to God I lift on high, and he my suit both hear.



In time of grief I sought to God, by night no rest I took:



But stretch'd my hands to him a-broad, my soul comfort for took.



I to remembrance God did call,
yet trouble did remain:
And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
while I did sore complain. (Strain,
Thou didst from sleep mine eyes re-
and make them full to wake:
My trouble and my pain is great,
my speech both me forsake.

The days of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The time and ages that are past,
full many years ago.
By night my songs I call to mind,
and commune with thy heart;
My spirit did carefully require
how I might eke my smart.

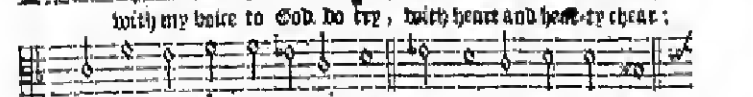
Will God, (said I) still hide his face,
and gracious be no more:
For ever is his mercies gone,
sails his truth evermore?
It true, that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath shut up in his wrath.

Then did I say, that surely this
is mine infirmity:
He mend the years of the right hand
of him that is most high.
And will regard, and think upon
the working of the Lord:
Of all his wonders heretofore
I gladly will record.

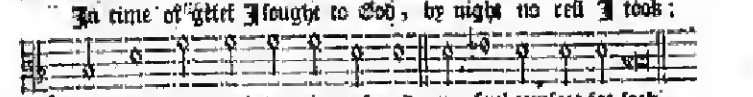
Thy works, O Lord, are all in sight,
and holy all abroad: (might
What one hath strength) to match the
of Thee, O Lord our God.
Thou art a God, that dost forth show
thy goodness every hour:
And in dost make the people know
thy virtue and thy power.

Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
mysterious three in one.
As at the first it was, is now,
and shall forever be:
When this world ends, & the next world
puts on eternity.

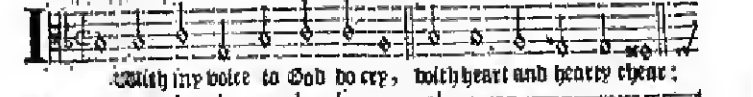
With my voice to God do cry, both heart and heart-ty cheer:



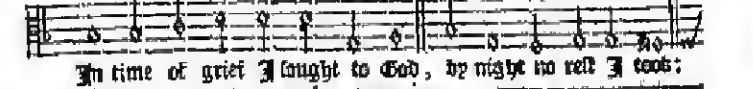
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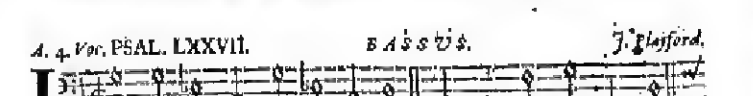
In time of grief I sought to God, by night no rest I took:



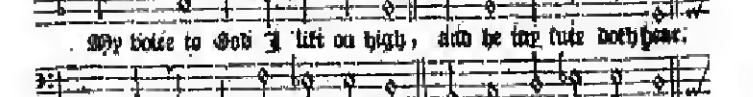
But stretch'd my hands to him a-broad, my soul comfort for took.



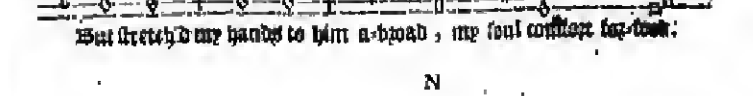
With my voice to God do cry, both heart and heart-ty cheer:



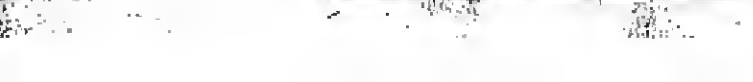
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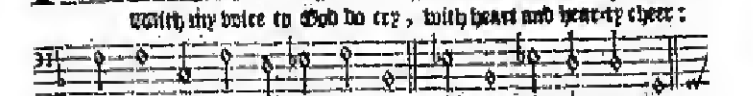
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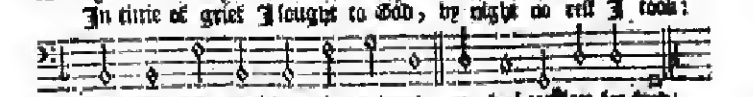
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With my voice to God do cry, both heart and heart-ty cheer:



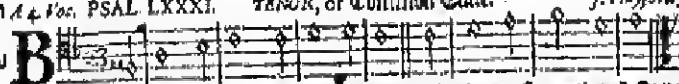
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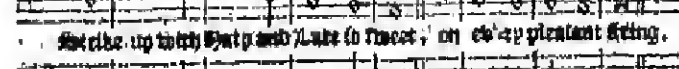
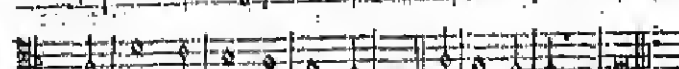
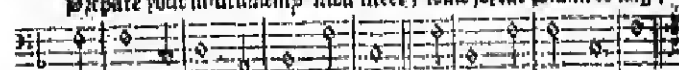
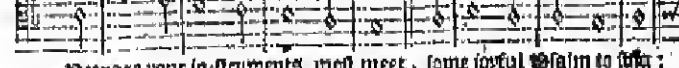
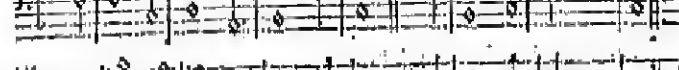
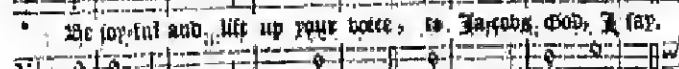
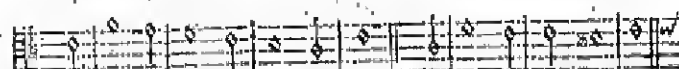
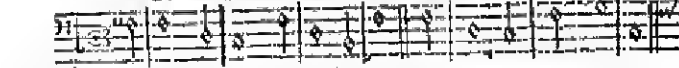
In time of grief I sought to God, by night no rest I took:



But stretch'd my hands to him a-broad, my soul comfort for took.



Light and glad, in God rejoice, which is our strength and stay:



Blow as it were in the new Moon,
with Trumpets of the host:
As it is sung to be done
at any solemn Feast:
For this is unto Israel
a Statute and a Trade:
I know that must be kept full well,
which Jacobs God hath made.

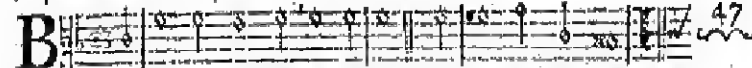
This clause with Joseph was decreed
when he from Egypt came:
That as a witness all his seed
should still observe the same.
When God, I say, had so prepar'd
to bring him from that Land:
whereas the speech which he had heard
he did not understand.

I from his shoulders took, saith he,
the burden clean away:
And from the Furnace set him free
from burning brim of clay.
In trouble thou to me dost cry,
and I will set thee free:
And from the secret place on high,
of Thunder answered thee.

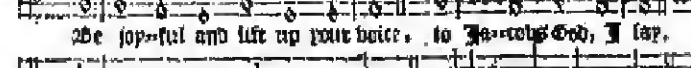
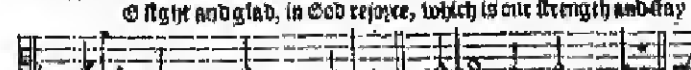
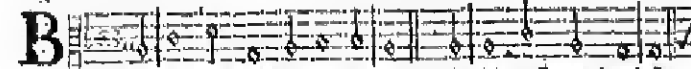
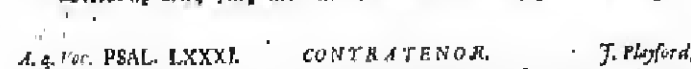
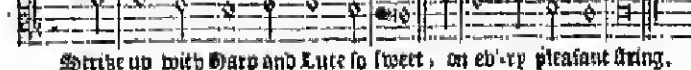
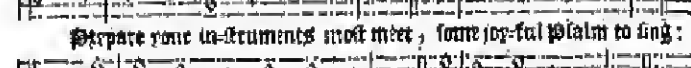
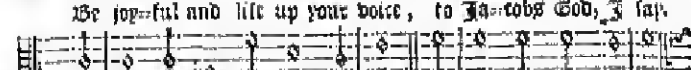
O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll testify to thee:
To thee, O Israel, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.
In midst of thee, there shall not be
any strange god at all:
Nor unto any god invocation
thou bowing down shalt fall.

I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide:
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou it open wide.
But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be:
And even Israel himself,
would then have none of me.

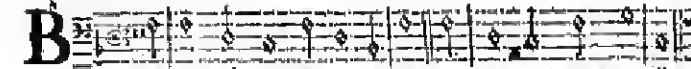
Then did I give them up to wrath,
by their sin to be led:
And so in their own counsels path
they vainly wandered.
O that my people would me hear,
and carefully obey:
And O that Israel would me fear,
and walk still in my way.



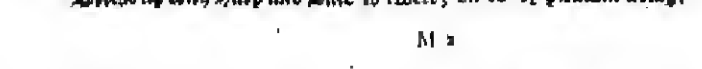
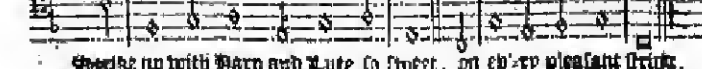
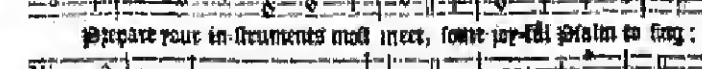
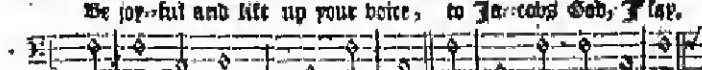
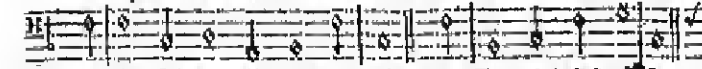
Light and glad, in God rejoice, which is our strength and stay:



Be joyful and lift up your voice, to Jacobs God, I say.
Prepare your instruments most meet, some joyful Psalm to sing:
Strike up with Harp and Lute so sweet, on ev'ry pleasant string.



Light and glad, in God rejoice, which is our strength and stay:



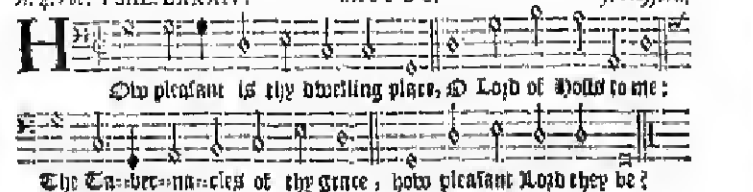
Be joyful and lift up your voice, to Jacobs God, I say.
Prepare your instruments most meet, some joyful Psalm to sing:
Strike up with Harp and Lute so sweet, on ev'ry pleasant string.



My soul doth long full sore to go
into thy courts abroad:
My heart doth lust, my flesh also,
in thee the living God.
The sparrows find a room to rest,
and lodge themselves from toiling:
And the the swallow hath a nest
wherein to keep her young.
These birds full nigh thine Altar may
have place to sit, and sing:
O Lord of Hosts, thou art, I say,
my God and ever my King.
Oh, they be blessed that may dwell,
within thy house always:
For they all times thy facts do tell,
and ever give thee praise.
Yea happy sure likewise are they,
whose lap and strength thou art:
Which to thy house do mind the way,
and seek it with their heart.
As they go through the vale of tears,
they dig up fountains still:
That as a spring it all appears,
and thou their pits dost fill. (Cant.)
From strength to strength they walk full
of faintness there shall be:
And to the God of gods at last,
in Zion they do see.
O Lord of Hosts, to me give heed,
and hear when I do pray:
And let it through thine ears proceed,
O Jacobs God, I say.
O Lord our shields of thy good grace,
regard, and so draw near:
Regard I say, behold the face,
of thine anointed dear.
For why? within thy courts one day
is better to abide,
Than other where to keep or stay,
a thousand days beside.
Which rather would I have a door
within the house of

Another Translation.
PSAL. LXXXIV.

How lovely, thou great Lord of war,
Thy Tabernacles are:
My longing soul is faint, and pain'd,
while from thy courts restrain'd.
My heart, my flesh, with all that give
me power to move, or live:
Cry loud, till they admitted be
the living God to see.
Yea sparrows find a house to rest,
the swallow builds her nest:
Their young they to thine Altar bring
O Lord, my God and King.
Blessed are they who all their days
Thee in Thy Temple praise: (Cant.)
Blest is the man, whose strength thou
whose ways direct his heart. (Cant.)
Who passing through the mournful
where springs and comforts fail:
Make wells in Saca's barren plain,
and pools to fill with rain.
They go from strength to strength or
through weariness or want: (Cant.)
Till to thy house approaching near,
In Zion they appear.
Lord God of Hosts, my prayer hear,
O Jacobs God give ear! (Cant.)
O God our shield, look down with
on thine Anointed's face.
One day, which in thy courts he spends
thousands of ours transcends.
I'd rather keep a door with thee,
than all earth's glory see.
For God our shield, our sun and light,
crowns those that walk upright:
Nor fails all good such men to give,
who in his statutes live.
O Lord of hosts, great God of might;
who dwell'st in endless light:
How blessed shall that servant be,
who puts his trust in thee,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Immortal glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,



A Hymn to this Tune.

L ord, who shall dwell above with thee where on Thy Holy Hill Who shall those glorious Prophets see that live on with gladness fill.	We of our selves can nothing do, but all on Thee depend: Thine is the Work, and Wages too, Thine both the Way and End.
These happy souls who prize this life above the brasses here: Whose greatest hope, whose eag'rest strife, is once to settle there.	O make us still our work attend! and we'll not doubt our pay: We will not fear a blessed end if thou but guide our way.
They use this World, but value that that they supremely love: They travel through this present state, but place their home above.	Glory to Thee, O bounteous Lord, who giv'st to all things breath: Glory to Thee, Eternal Word, who sav'st us by Thy death.
Lord! whose are they that thus chase Thee but those thou first dost chase? To whom Thou giv'st thy grace most free thy grace not to refuse.	Glory, O blessed Spirit to Thee, who fill'st our hearts with love: Glory to all the Trinity, who reign one God above.

L O D bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily.
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Pre-serve my soul, be-cause my wayes, and do-ings do-ly be:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee.

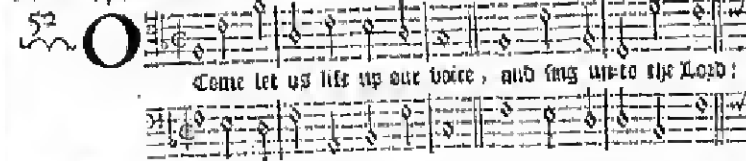
Thy mercy, Lord, out me express,
 defend me eke withall;
 For through the day I do not cease,
 on thee to cry and call.
 Comfort O Lord thy servants soul,
 that now with pain is pin'd;
 For unto thee, Lord, I cryal,
 and lift my soul and mind.
 For thou art good and bountiful,
 thy gates of grace are free;
 And eke thy mercy plentiful
 to all that call on thee.
 O Lord, like-wise when I do pray,
 regard and give an ear:
 Mark well the words that I do say,
 and all my prayers hear.
 In time when trouble both me move,
 to thee I do complain;
 For why? I know, and well do prove,
 thou answer'st me again.
 Among the gods O Lord is none
 with thee so be compar'd:
 And none can do as thou alone,
 the like hath not been heard.
 The Gentiles and the people all,
 which thou didst make and frame:
 Before thy face on knees will fall,
 and glorifie thy Name.
 For why? thou art so much of might,
 all power is thine own:
 Thou work'st wonders still in sight,

O teach me, Lord, thy way, and I
 shall in thy truth proceed;
 Joy'n my heart to thee so high,
 that I thy name may dread.
 So thee, my God, will I give praise;
 withal my heart O Lord
 And glorifie thy Name alwayes,
 for ever through the world.
 For why? thy mercy shew'd to me
 is great, and doth exceed;
 Thou sett'st my soul at liberty
 out from the lower hell.
 O Lord, the proud against me rise,
 and heaps of men of might:
 They seek my soul, and in no wise,
 will have thee in their sight.
 Thou Lord, art merciful and meek;
 full slack and slow to wrath;
 Thy goodness is full great, and the,
 thy truth no measure hath.
 O turn to me, and mercy grant,
 thy strength to me apply;
 O help, and save thine own servant;
 thy handmaids son am I.
 On me some sign of favour shew,
 that all my foes may see:
 And be asham'd, because Lord, thou
 dost help and comfort me.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 all Glory be therefore:
 As in beginning was, is now,
 and shall be evermore.

L O D bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Pre-serve my soul, be-cause my wayes, and do-ings do-ly be:
 And save thy servant, Lord, I pray, that puts his trust in thee.

L O D bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Pre-serve my soul, be-cause my wayes, and do-ings do-ly be:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee.

L O D bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Pre-serve my soul, be-cause my wayes, and do-ings do-ly be:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee.



Come let us lift up our voice, and sing un-to the Lord:



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one accord.



Another Translation.

PSAL. XCV.

Yea, let us come before his face,
to give him thanks and praise:
In singing Psalms unto his grace,
let us be glad alwayes.

For why? the Lord he is (no doubt)
a great and mighty God:
A King above all gods throughout,
in all the world abroad.

The fountains of the earth he deep,
and corners of the land:
The tops of hills that are so steep,
he hath them in his hand.

The Sea, and waters all are his,
for he the same hath brought:
The earth and all that therein is,
his hand hath made of nought.

Come let us bow and praise the Lord,
before him let us fall:
And kneel to him with one accord,
the which hath made us all.

For why? he is the Lord our God,
for us he doth provide:
He is our Rock, he doth us feed,
his Shep, and he our guide.

To day if ye his voice will hear,
then harden not your heart:
As ye hath guided many a year,
probo'd me in desert.

Whereas your Fathers tempted me,
my power for to prove:
My wondrous works when they did
yet still they would me move.

Twice twenty years they did me grieve,
and I to them did say:
They err in heart, and not believe,
they have not known my way.

Wherefore I swore when that my
was kindled in my breast: (wroth)
That they should never tread the path,
to enter in my rest.

O Come, and let us to the Lord,
our chearfull Songs record:
Unto our Rock lift up our voice,
and make a joyful noise.

Let us with praise sent up on high
approach His presence nigh:
With Psalms and Anthems, glad express
our founded thankfulness.

He is the God and King, whose hand
the spacious earth hath spann'd:
By him steep Hills, and Seas were made,
the dry land by him lay'd.

Come, let us worship and adore,
kneel down the Lord before:
For He our God is, we His care,
His sheeps, and people are.

To day if ye His voice will hear,
no hardned heart bring near:
Like that provoking in the day
you in the desert lay.

When your Fore-fathers tempted me,
who did my wonders see:
And forty years your Tribes did pass,
wherein I grieved was.

I said, my people erre in heart,
and wilfully depart: (known)
My wayes preferib'd they have not
nor in my precepts gone.

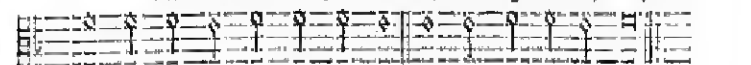
To whom my just incensed wrath,
by oath protested hath:
Those murmurers should ne'r be blest,
or enter to my rest.

All Glory, Honour, Power and Praise,
to the blest Trinitie:
As in the first beginning was,
in us now, and ever be.

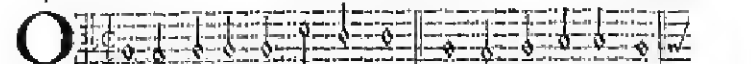
H. K.



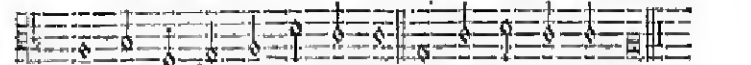
Come let us lift up our voice, and sing un-to the Lord:



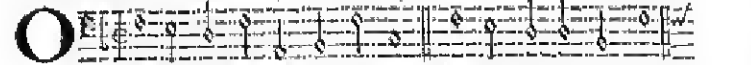
In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one accord.



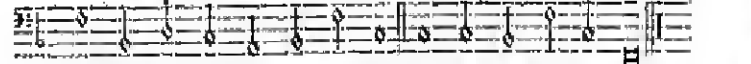
Come let us lift up our voice, and sing un-to the Lord:



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one accord.



Come let us lift up our voice, and sing un-to the Lord:



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one accord.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XLVII.

O Clap your hands, althroughout
to God in Triumph shout:
His greatness rules the world from high
with awful Majesty.

He Nations under us subdues,
and will our portion chuse:
Which doth in Glory far excel
the lot of Israel.

God is gone up with shouting voice,
and sounding Trumpets noise:
Utin our God loud praises sing,
sing praises to our King.

To him whose pow'r the earth doth fill
with knowledge sing, and skill:
Who on his Sacred Throne remains,
and o're the Heavens reigns.

The Princes with the people joyne,
sprung out of Abraham's loyn:
For all are in his care enroll'd,
who highly is extoll'd.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all Eternitie.

H. K.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XCVIII.

Unto the Lord your Songs renew,
who marvels wrought for you:
His Holy arm, and His right hand
the victory hath gain'd.

God His Salvation hath made known,
His truth to Heathens shew'n:
His miracles have remembered been,
Earth His Salvation seen.

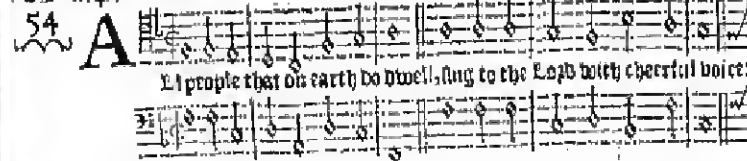
Make to the Lord a joyful noise,
Earth, in loud Songs rejoyce:
With Harps unto your Maker sing,
and Psalms tun'd to the string.

With Trumpets, and the Cornets sound,
let your full joyes rebound:
All in your shrillest accents sing
Before the Lord our King.

Let roaring Seas for gladness swell,
the world with those there dwell:
Floods clap their hands, and waves com-
all hills in praises joyne. (bine)

For loe, to judgment God doth come,
to give the earth its doom:
With justice He the world will try,
and men with Equity.

H. K.



The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
without our aid, he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
and for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with praise,
approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, & bless his name alway:
for it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
his mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stand,
and shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all Praise and Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore, Amen.

Two other Psalms in this Tune, of a new Transcription.

PSAL. I.

Blessed is the man that never would
In counsel of the ungodly share,
Nor hath in way of sinners stood:
Nor sitten in the scorners chair.

But in God's Law sets his delight,
And makes that law alone to be
His meditation day and night:
He shall be like a happy tree,

Which planted by the waters, shall
With timely fruit still laden stand:
His leaf shall never fade, and all
Shall prosper that he takes in hand.

The wicked are not so, but they
Are like the chaff, which from the face
Of earth is driven by winds away,
And finds no sure abiding place.

Therefore shall not the wicked be
Able to stand the Judges doom:
Nor in the safe society
Of good men shall the wicked come.

For God himself vouchsafes to know
The way that righteous men have gone:
And those ways, which the wicked go
Shall utterly be overthrown.

PSAL. II.

Why are the Heathen swell'd with rage,
The people vain exploits devise:
The Kings and Potentates of earth,
Comb'd in one great faction rise.

And taking counsel 'gainst the Lord,
And 'gainst his Christ, presume to say,
Let us in sunder break their bonds,
And from us cast their cords away.

But He, that sits in Heaven, shall laugh,
The Lord himself shall them deride:
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
And in fore anger vex their pride.

But I by God am seated King,
On Zion His most Holy hill,
I will declare the Lords decree,
Nor can I hide his sacred will.

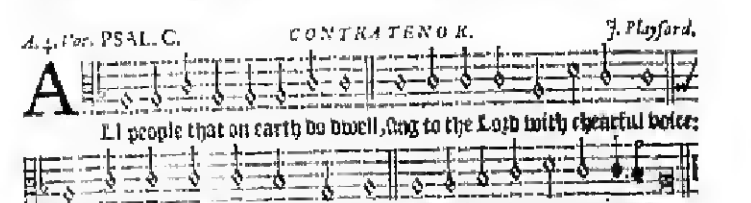
He said to me, thou art my Son,
This day have I begotten thee:
Make thy request, and I will grant
The Heav'n shall thy portion be.

Thou shalt possess earth's farthest bounds
And there an awful Scepter sway:
Whose pow'r shall dash and break them
Like vessels made of brittle clay.

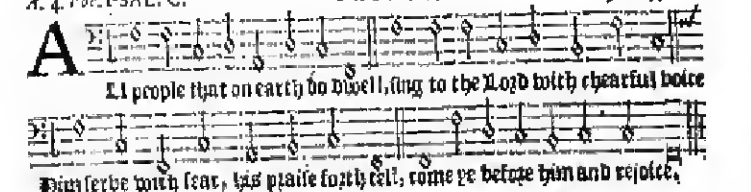
Now therefore, O ye Kings, be wise,
Be learned ye that judge the earth:
Serve our great God in fear, rejoice,
But tremble in your highest mirth.

O kiss the Son, lest he be wrath,
And straight ye perish from the way:
When once his anger burns, thrice blest
Are all that make the Son their stay.

G. H.



Oh people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Whom serve with fear, his praise forth tell, come ye before him and rejoice.



Oh people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Whom serve with fear, his praise forth tell, come ye before him and rejoice.

Another. PSAL. CXVIII.

O Thank the goodness of our God,
whose mercy knows no period:
Let Israel their voices join,
let those who come from Aaron's loyn.
Let all who fear the Lord, confess
his mercies everlastingness:
I call'd upon him, when distress,
who me enlarged, and releas'd.

The Lord himself is on my side,
I fearless mans attempts abide:
He takes their part who succour me:
I shall my haters ruine see.

'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
then lean on man, who is but dust:
Better rely on his defence,
then put in Princes confidence.

All Nations me encompass'd round,
but his great name shall them confound:
They closely set against me came,
but I destroy'd them in his Name.

Like bees they thick about me swarm'd,
yet through his name I was unharmed:
As kindled Thorns, which blazing dye,
they quenched in their ashes lye.

Though pressing foes my fall assay'd,
the Lord himself became my aid:
God is my health, my strength, my song:
loud joyes the righteous are among.

For God's right hand's lift up on high,
his right hand acts most valiantly:
I shall not dye, but live to praise,
and speak his wonders all my dayes.

Although the Lord me chast'ned sore,
he unto death not gave me o're:
Open his sacred gates, that I
with praise the Lord may glorify.

This is the gate, through which the just
and righteous Persons enter must:
Thrice will I thank, who heard'st my voice
and mak'st me in thy help rejoicee.

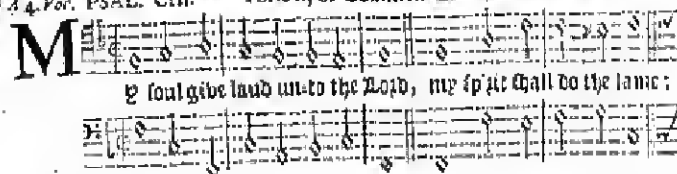
That stone the builders from them lay'd,
the head is of the corner made:
This is Gods act, which in our eyes
religious wonder multiplies.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
we will rejoicee, in it be glad:
Save now, and prosper we intreat,
O Lord! who are as good, as great.

He blessed be, comes in his Name,
we blessinge from Gods house proclaim:
God is the Lord, whose light hath shin'd,
pure off'ings to his altar bind.

Thou art my God, I thee will praise,
and in my song, thine honour raise:
O thank the goodness of our God,
whose mercy knows no period. H. K.

36 *A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CIII. TENOR, or Common Tune. St. MARTIN TUNE.*



O soul give thanks to God for all his gifts, As far as is the Sun rising,
Shew not thy self unkind: full bright from his fall.
And suffer not his benefits unto their children's dear,
to slip out of thy mind: Like pity bears the Lord to such
as worship him in fear.
Thine gave thee pardon for thy faults, The Lord that made us, knowers our
and thee redoubt again: our mouth and fashion us: (Shape
For all the weak and frail disease, Who teach and send our nature is,
and heal thee of the pain. and how we be unkind.
That did redeem thy life from death, And how the time of mortal men,
From torments thou couldst not flee: is like the withering hay;
His mercy and compassion both, Or like the flower right fair in field,
he did extend to thee. that fadeeth soon away.
That fill'd thy heart with goodness thy desire, whole gloss and beauty from my winds
and did glorify thy youth: do utterly disgrace:
Like as the Eagle catches her bill, And make thee after these assaults,
whereby her age reneweth. such blossoms have no place.
The Lord with justice doth repay, But yet the goodness of the Lord
all such as be oppress'd: (torments, with his shall ever stand;
So thine their full tings and thine Their children's children do receive,
are turned to the best. his righteousness at hand.
His ways and his commandments, I mean, which keep his covenant,
to shew he did show: with all their whole desire:
His counsels and his valiant acts And not forget to do the thing
the Israelites did know. that he doth them requite.
The Lord is kind and merciful, The heavens high are made the seat,
when sinners do him grieve: and foolishness of the Lord;
He showed to conceive a wrath, And by his power imperial
and ready to forgive. he governs all the world.
He chides not us continually, Ye Angels which are great in power,
though we be full of strife; praise ye, and bless the Lord,
For keeps our souls in memory, still to obey and do his will,
for all our sinful life. immediately across.
For yet according to our sins, Ye noble hosts and ministers,
the Lord doth us regard: cease not to laud him still:
For after our iniquities, which ready are to execute
he doth not us reward. his pleasure and his will.
But as the space is wondrous great, Ye all his works in every place
'twixt earth and Heaven above: praise ye his Holy Name:
So is his goodness much more large, Shine heart, my mind, and the my soul
to them that do him love. praise ye also the same,
God doth remove our sins from us, and our offences all:

52 *A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CIII. J. Playford.*



A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CIII. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.

And all the secrets of my heart, praise ye his Holy Name.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CIII. BASSUS. J. Playford.

And all the secrets of my heart, praise ye his Holy Name.

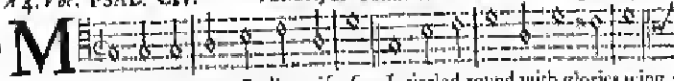
Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XXXIV.

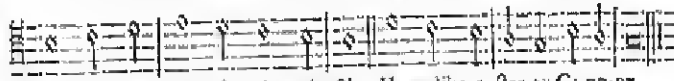
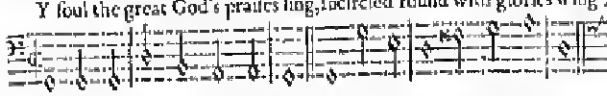
I Will at all times bless the Lord,
his praises still record:
And whilst my soul of God makes choice,
the humble shall rejoice.
The Lord without a magnifie,
exalt his Name on high:
I sought him, who my prayer heard,
and sav'd from all I fear'd.
They look'd to him, and light'ned were,
no shame their faces bear:
For God did at the poor man's cry
relieve his misery.
His Angel, those environs round,
who in his fear are found:
O taste, and see how good is he
to such as faithful be.
O fear the Lord, ye Saints of His,
for such no blessings miss:
Young Lyons often lacking prey,
with hunger pine away.
But those that seek his covenant
no good thing ever want:
Come Children, hearken to my speech,
I you his fear will teach.

What man is he, long life doth crave,
or happy dayes would have?
Keep thou thy tongue from wicked wile
thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from ill, in good increase,
pursue, and seek for peace:
For on the just God casts His eyes,
His ears admit their cries.
Against the bad he sets his face
to cut them from their place:
The righteous cry, and God attends,
in double safety sends.
He doth in broken hearts delight,
and saveth souls contrite:
Great troubles on the righteous fall,
but he relieves in all.
He keeps the number of each bone,
no broken shall be one:
Transgressors their own mischiefs slay,
and with just vengeance pay.
All such as do the righteous hate
shall soon be desolate:
For God His servants souls redeems
and dear their faith esteems.

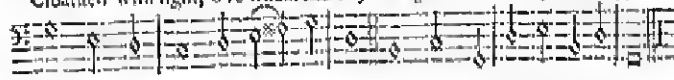
H. K.



Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :



Cloathed with light, o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.



Who dwells upon the gliding streams,
Embell'd with His golden beams:
Enthron'd in Clouds, as in a chair,
He rides in triumph through the Air.

The winds and flaming Element
Are on his great Emballage sent:
The Fabrick of the earth doth stand
For aye, built with Thy powerful hand.

The floods, that with their watry robe
Once cover'd all this earthly Globe:
Soon as Thy thund'ring voice was heard,
Fled fast, and streight the Hills appear'd.

The humble Valleys saw the Sun,
Whil'st the affrighted waters run
Into their Channels, and no more
Shall drown the earth, or pass their shore.

Along those Vails, the cool Springs flow,
And wash the Mountains feet below:
Thither for drink the whole Herd strays,
There the wild As his thirst allays.

And on the Boughs that shade the Spring,
The feather'd Quire shall sit and sing:
When on her womb Thy Dew is shed,
Thy pregnant Earth is brought to bed.

And with a fruitful birth encreast,
Yields herbs, and grass, for man & beast:
Wine, Heart strength'ning bread, care drowning
And Oyl that makes the face to shine.

On Lebanon his Cedars stand,
Trees full of Sap, works of His hand:
In them the Birds their nests do build,
The Fir-tree with the Stork is fill'd.

The wild Goats on the Hills, in Cells
Of Rocks the Hermits Conies dwells:
The Moon observes her course, the Sun
Knows when his weary race is done.

And when the night his dark veil spreads
The wilder Beasts forsake their beds:
The hungry Lyons lunt for blood,
And roaring beg their food from God.

The Sun returns, these beasts of prey
Fly to their dens, and from the day:
And whilst they all in dark caves lurk,
Man till the evening goes to work.

How full of creatures is the earth!
To which Thy wisdom gave their birth!
And those that in the wide Sea breed,
The bounds of Number far exceed.

There the huge Whale with fynny feet,
Dance underneath the sailing fleet:
All these expect their nourishment
From Thee, and gather what is sent.

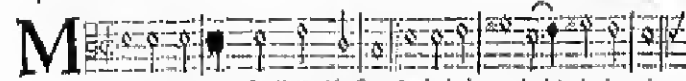
Be Thy hand open, they are fed;
Be thy face hid, astonished:
If thou withdraw their soul, they must
Return into their former dust.

If Thou send back Thy breath, the face
O' th' earth is spread with a new race:
Gods glory shall for ever stay,
He shall with joy His Works survey.

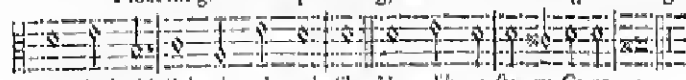
The steadfast earth shall shake if He
Look down, and if the mountains be
Touch'd, they shall smook, yet still my verse
Shall while I live his praise rehearse.

In him with joy my thoughts shall meet,
He makes my meditation sweet:
The Sinner shall appear no more,
Then o my Soul, the Lord adore.

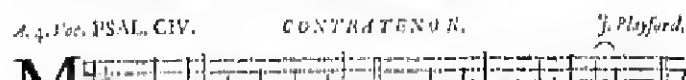
All glory be to God alone,
Three persons in one Deity:
As he has been in ages gone,
May now and still forever be.



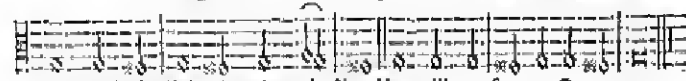
Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :



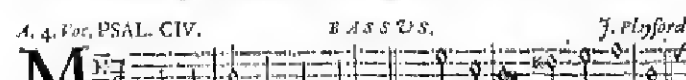
Cloathed with light o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.



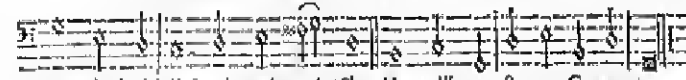
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Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :



Cloathed with light o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.

A Hymn.

To this Tune.

O pen thine eyes, my soul, and see
Once more the light returns to thee:
Look round about, and chase the way
Thou mean'st to travel o're to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet:
Think where thou once hast fall'n before
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,
And cast to steer thy life by those:
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment
Those stubborn sinners that we repent:
Think on the joys which wait above
To crown the head of Holy Love.

Think what at last will be thy part,
If thou go'st on where now thou art:
See life and death, sit thee to chuse,
One thou must take, and one refuse.

O Gracious Lord! guide thou my course,
And draw me on, with Thy sweet force:
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to Thine my end.

A Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

To this Tune.

Come Holy Spirit, come and breathe
Thy spicy odours on the face
Of our dull region here beneath,
And fill our souls with Thy sweet grace.

Come and root out the poisonous weeds
Which overrun and choke our lives:
And in our hearts plant thine own seeds,
Whose quickning power our spirit renews.

First plant the humble Violet there,
That dwells secure, by dwelling low:
Then let the Lilly next appear,
And make us chaste, yet fruitful too.

But O plant all the virtues, Lord!
And let the Metaphors abound:
Repeat once more that mighty word,
Thou need'st but say, Let it be done.

We can, alas! nor be, nor grow,
Unless thy powerfull mercy please:
Thy hand must plant, and water too,
Thy hand alone must give the increase.

Do, then, what thou alone canst do,
Do what to thee, so easy is:
Conduct us through this world of woe,
And place us safe in thine own bliss.

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws doth love indeed:

His seed on earth God will appear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

Unto the righteous doth arise
In trouble joy, in darkness light:
Compassion is in his eyes,
And mercy always in his sight.
Poe, pity moveth such to lend,
He doth by judgment things expend.

And surely such shall never fail,
For in remembrance had is he:
As touching all can make him quail,
Altho' in the Lord sure hope doth see.
His heart is firm, his fear is past:
For he shall see his foes down cast.

He did well for the poor provide,
His righteousness shall still remain:
And his estate with peace abide,
Though that the wicked man disdain.
Ere, gnash his teeth thereat shall be,
And to continue his hate to see.

By eating bread with sorrows deep:
To his belov'd God giveth sleep.

An heritage for Children be,
Which from the gift of God do come:
The fruit that springeth from the womb,
Is also his reward most free:
Children grown up, like Arrows are
In th' hand of some strong man of war.

And blessed from above is he
Whose plentiful race doth so increase,
That full his Quiver is of these:
That man ashamed shall not be:
But to his foes that do him hate,
He shall speak boldly in the Gate.

The LORDS Prayer, to this Tune.

Our Father which in Heaven art,
Thy Name be hallow'd by each heart:
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done
In Earth as 'tis in Heaven thy Throne:
Give us this day our daily bread,
That souls and bodies may be fed.

Forgive our trespasses, as we
Forgive them, where we trespass'd be:
To no temptation lead our will,
But us deliver from all ill.
For thine the Kingdom and the pow'r
And Glory is for evermore.

H. K.

PSAL. CXXXVII. To this Tune.

Keep the Lord the house do build,
The skillful labour and the pain
Of builders, wholly are in vain:
Except the Lord do succour yield,
The City to defend and keep,
In vain the watchman leaves his sleep.

In vain it is for you to rise
In mornings early, full of care:
In vain all your late watchings are:
'Tis vain to think wealth must arise

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws doth love indeed:

His seed on earth God will appear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws do keep indeed:

His seed on earth God will appear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL CXII. BASS S. J. Playford.

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws do keep indeed:

His seed on earth God will appear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

Another, Psalm CI. to this Tune.

Mercy I will and Judgment sing
To thee, O Lord, from whom they spring:
Wisdom shall all my ways correct:
When wilt thou come, and dwell with me?
My whole Affairs, and Family:
I will with perfect heart direct.

Who hath his Friend with slander strook,
I will cut off: a haughty look,
And a proud heart, I'll not endure:
Mine eyes upon the Faithful are,
Him for my servant I declare,
Whose Hands are just, and heart is pure.

He that doth teach his work doth do;
That spread abroad malicious lies,
Shall not stay within my house, or fight:
The Wicked of the Land I'll slay,
That from Gods City soon I may
Cut off, and Root th' ungodly quite.

No evil shall my eyes misguide,
I hate their works that turn aside,
No such shall in my favour grow:
Those that are of a forward heart,
Shall from my company depart,
No wicked Person will I know.

R. M. S.

Ye children which he feeds the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As he

be always his Name, The Lord all people both surmount: As for his glory we may count, Above the Heavens high to be.

With God the Lord who may compare, whose dwellings in the heavens are: Of such great power and force is he.

Of such great power and force is he.

He doth abate himself we know,
 Things to behold both here below,
 And also in the heaven above,
 The needy out of dust to draw,
 And the poor which help none saw,
 His only mercy did him move.
 And so him set in high degree,
 With princes of great dignity,
 Charrule his people with great fame.
 The barren he both make to bear,
 And with great joy her fruit to rear:
 Therefore praise ye his holy Name.

Author, Psalm CXXXIII. in this Tune.
How good! how pleasant 'tis to see
 Brethren to dwell in unity?
 'Tis like the precious unction shed
 On Mitred Arons Sacred Crown:
 Which trickled on his Beard, and down
 Unto his Garment-Fringes spread.
 'Tis as the dew kind Heavens distil
 On Hermons Tops, or Sions Hill:
 God on this happy State shall send
 The blessings of his bounteous hand:
 First blest life here, and then command
 A better life that we're shall end.

Ye children which he feeds the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As he

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Ye children which he feeds the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As he

Lobe the Lord because my voice and prayer heard hath he:

When in my dayes I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

Even when the snares of cruell death, about beset me round:

When paines of hell me caught, and when I woe and sorrow found.

Upon the Name of God my Lord then did I call, and say:

Deliver thou my soul, O Lord: I do thee humbly pray.

The Lord is very merciful, and full he is also:

And in our God compassion, both plentifully flow.

The Lord in safety both preserve all those that simple be:

I was in wofull misery, and he relieved me.

And now my soul (which thou art safe, return unto the rest:

For largely doe, the Lord to thee his bounty hath express'd.

Because thou hast delivered my soul from death's snare:

My moyle'd eye from mournful tears, my sliding feet from fall.

Before the Lord, I in the Land of Life, will walk therefore:

I did believe, therefore I spake, for he was troubled sore.

I said in my distress and fear that all men liers be:

What shall I pay the Lord for all his benefits to me?

He of Salvation took the Cup, and to the Lord will pay:

And I before his people all, to him my vows will pay.

Right bent and pious in his sight the Lord doth ever esteem:

The dearth of all his Holy ones, whatever men do deem.

Thy servant Lord, thy servant I, I do my self confess:

Son of thy Handmaid, thou hast break the bonds of my distress.

And I will offer up to thee a Sacrifice of praise:

And I will call upon the Name of God the Lord alwayes,

Yea, in the court of Gods own house, and in the midst of thee.

O thou Jerusalem, I say: therefore the Lord praise ye.

Lobe the Lord because my voice and prayer heard hath he:

When in my dayes I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

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Yea, in the court of Gods own house, and in the midst of thee.

O thou Jerusalem, I say: therefore the Lord praise ye.

8

O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people every where, set forth his praise.

For great His kindness is to us,
His truth endureth for aye;
Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God,
praise ye the Lord alway.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people every where, set forth his praise.

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O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people every where, set forth his praise.

B Hold and have regard, ye servants of the Lord:

Which in his house by night do watch, praise him with one accord.

Lift up your hands on high
unto his Holy place:
And give the Lord his praises due,
his benefits embrace.

For why? the Lord who did
both Earth and Heaven frame;
Doth Zion bless, and will conserve,
for evermore the same.

B Hold and have regard, ye servants of the Lord:

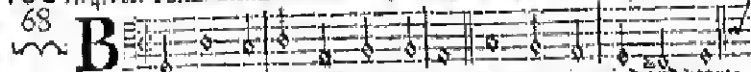
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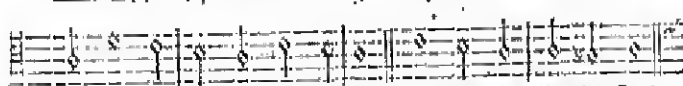
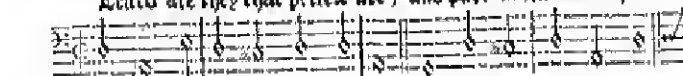
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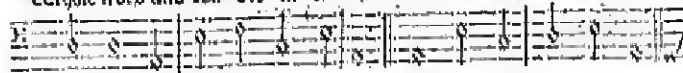
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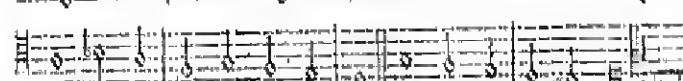
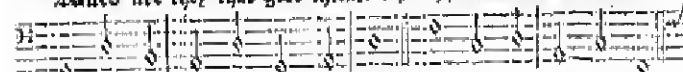
Blessed are they that perfect are, and pure in mind and heart;



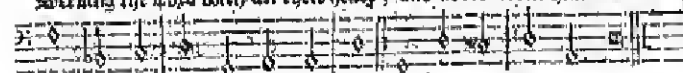
Whose lives and con-ber-sa-ti-ons from Gods Lawes ne-ver start.



Blessed are they that give themselves his statutes to observe:



Seeking the Lord with all their heart, and never from him swerve.



Wonderful such men go not astray,
nor do us wicked thing;
Which steadfastly walk in his way
without any wandring.
It is thy will and commandment,
that with attentive heed,
thy Noble and divine precepts,
we learn and keep indeed.

O, would to God it might thee please
my wayes so to address;
That I might both in heart and voice
thy Lawes keep and confess.
So should no shame my life attain,
whilst I thus set mine eyes;
And build my mind alwayes to muse
on thy sacred decrees.

Then will I praise with upright heart
and magnifie thy Name;
When I shall learn thy judgments just
and likewise probe the same.
And whilst I thus I give my self
to keep thy Lawes most right;
For sake me not forever Lord,
but shew thy grace and might.

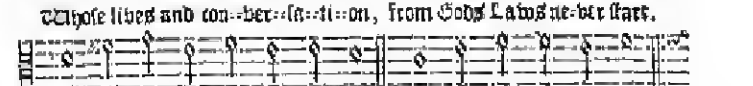
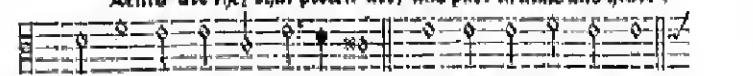
In the right pathes of thy precepts,
guide me Lord I require;
None other pleasure do I wish,
nor greater thing desire.
Incline my heart thy Lawes to keep,
and covenants to embrace;
And from all filthyavarice,
Lord shield me with thy grace.

From vain desires and worldly ludy,
turn back mine eyes and sight;
Give me the Spirit of life and power,
to walk in thy wayes aright.
Confirm thy gracious promise Lord,
which thou hast made to me;
Which am thy servant, and do love,
and fear nothing but thee.

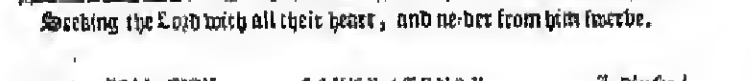
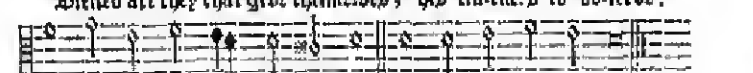
Reproach and shame which I so fear,
from the Lord I expel;
For thou dost judge with equity,
and therein dost excel.
Behold mine heaves desire is bent
thy Lawes to keep for aye;
Lord bring them me so with thy grace,
that I perform I may.



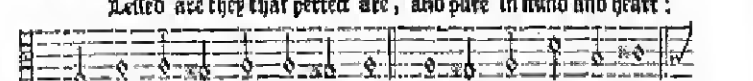
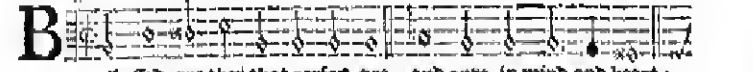
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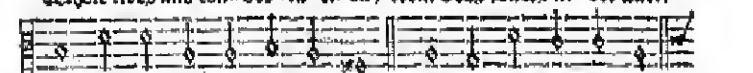
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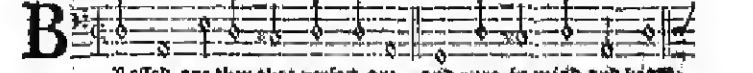
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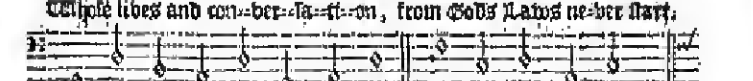
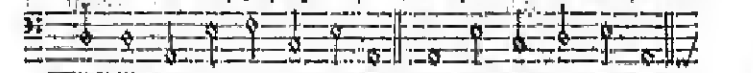
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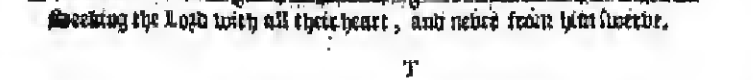
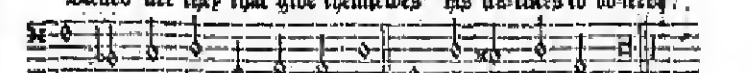
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Seeking the Lord with all their heart, and ne-ver from him swerve.

70 A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

U P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, From whence my help and comfort rise:

My safety from the Lord doth spring, Who made the world and ev'ry thing.

Thy foot from falling He protects,
Nor slumbers He, nor thee neglects:
Behold, that Lord who *Israel* keeps,
Unweary'd is, and never sleeps.

God is thy keeper, like a shade
Which on thy right hand is display'd:
The Sun by day thee shall not smite,
Nor vapours of the Moon by night.

The Lord shall thee preserve from harm,
Thy soul against temptations arm:
Thy going out, and coming in
For evermore His care have been.

To Thee great God, to Thee alone,
Three Persons in one Deitie:
As former Ages still have done,
All Glory now and ever be. H. K.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. ALTS. J. Playford.

U P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, From whence my help and comfort rise:

My safety from the Lord doth spring, Who made the world and ev'ry thing.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

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A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXIV. TENOR, or Common Tune. LINCOLNE TUNE. J. Playford.

H Ad not the Lord been on our side, may *Is-ra-el* now say:

Had not the Lord been on our side, when men rose us to slay.

They had us swallow'd quick, when as
their wrath 'gainst us did flame:
Waters had cover'd us, our soul
had sunk beneath the stream.

Our souls escaped as a Bird
out of the Fowlers snare:
The snare aunder broken is,
and we escaped are.

Then had the waters swelling high,
over our souls made way:
Blest be the Lord, who to their teeth
us gave not as a prey.

Our sure and all-sufficient help
Is in *Jehovah's* Name:
His Name who did the Heav'ns create,
and who the earth did frame.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXIV. ALTS. J. Playford.

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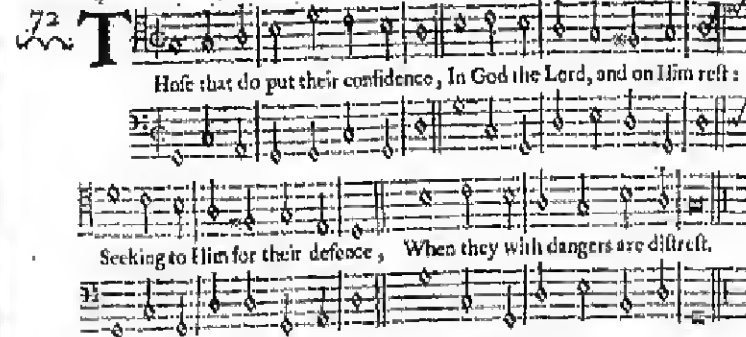
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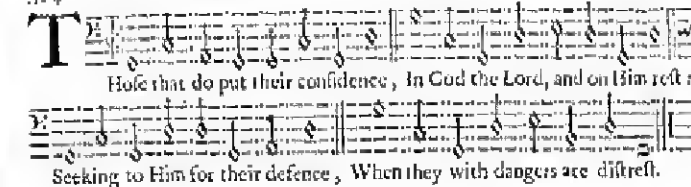
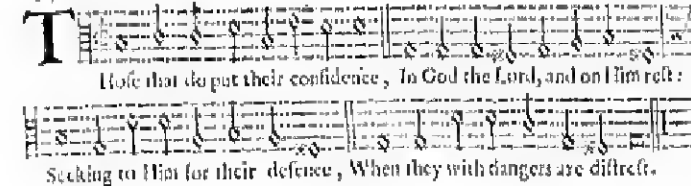
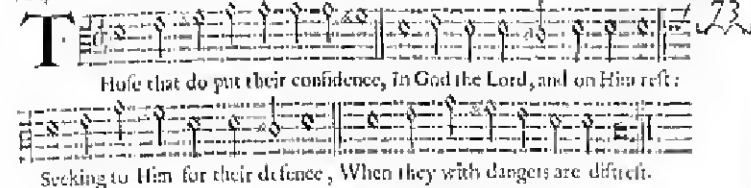


They shall be sure still to endure,
And shall not be remov'd away:
Like *Sion* Hill abiding still,
Establish'd they shall stand and stay.
And as within the promis'd Land,
Like Bulwarks strong the mountains high
About *Jerusalem* do stand,
The same to guard and fortify.
So God that is a shield to his,
From dangers great, them to deliver:
His people dear that do him fear,
Doth compass round henceforth forever.
And though the wife and gracious God
Who chastens those whom he doth love,
Suffers the wicked by their rod
The righteous to afflict and prove.
Yet shall it not upon the Lot
Of Righteous men for ever rest:
Left in distress, to wickedness
They put their hands, with grief oppress'd.
To those that good are in thy sight,
Do good O Lord, we humbly pray,
Ev'n to the men so heart upright,
But those to their own crooked way
Aside that stray, and ruin away
With those that do work Wickedness:
The Lord O King, them forth shall bring:
But He with peace shall Israel bless.

The Ten Commandments, Exod. XX.
To this Tune.

God spake these words: I am the Lord
Who thee to liberty restor'd,
And dost from *Egypt's* bondage free:
1. Thou shalt adore no god but Me.
2. Thou shalt no graven Image make,
Nor any other likeness take
In Heaven, or Earth, or Seas below,
To which thou may'st fall down and bow.

For, jealous of mine honour, I
Unto the fourth posterity
Visit the Children for the sin
Which haib by Father added been.
Yet I my mercies heap in store
For thousand Generations more
Of them that love me, whose intent
Walk after my Commandments.
3. Thou shalt by swearing not profane,
Nor take thy Maker's Name in vain:
For God will no man guileless deem
Who doth his sacred name blaspheme.
4. Remember that to rest and pray,
Thou only keep the Sabbath day:
Six days thou labour'st, but this
The Lord thy God's high Sabbath is.
No kind of work shall then be done,
By Thee, thy Daughter, or thy Son,
Nor Servants, Cattle, nor the late
Admitted stranger to thy Gate.
For God in six dayes all things made,
And resting on the seventh, say'd:
The Sabbath day be therefore blest,
And hallow'd it for publick rest.
5. Honour thy Parents, and obey
What just commands so e're they lay,
That in the land thou long may'st live
Which God doth for thy dwelling give.
6. From bloody acts and slaughter fly.
7. Commit no foul Adultery.
8. Thou shalt not Steal, Nor any where
9. False witness gainst thy neighbour bear.
10. Thou shalt not (mov'd by lust or strife)
Covet thy Neighbour's House or Wife:
Nor Alan, nor Maid, nor Ox of his,
Nor what to him belonging is.
O Lord have mercy, and incline
Our minds to keep these Laws of Thine:
Write thy Commandments in our heart,
That we from them may ne're depart.
H. K.



The prayer after the X Commandments.
The Spirit of grace grant us O Lord,
To keep these Laws, our hearts restore:
And cause us all with one accord
To magnify thy Name therefore.
For of our selves no strength we have,
To keep these laws after thy will:
Thy might therefore O Christ we crave,
That we in Thee may them fulfil.
Lord, for thy Name sake grant us this,
Thou art our strength, O Saviour Christ:
Of thee to speed how should we miss,
In whom our Creature doth consist?
To thee forevermore be praise,
With the Father in each respect:
And with the Holy Spirit always,
The Comforter of Time Eternal.

An Hymn to this Tune.
MY God, to thee our selves we owe,
And to Thy bounty all we have:
Behold to Thee our praises bow,
And humbly Thy acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a Friend,
That very Friend 'tis Thou bestow'st:
His pow'r, his will, to help our end
Is just so much as Thou allow'st.
If we enjoy a free Estate,
Our only Title is from Thee:
Thou mad'st our lot to bear that rate,
Which else an empty blank would be.
If we for health and well-tun'd ground
Which gives the Musick to the rest:
It is by Thee our Ayre is sound,
Our Food secur'd, our Physick blest.
If we have hopes one day to win
The Glories of Thy blest Face:
Each drop of that refreshing dew
Must fall from Heaven, by Thy free grace.
Then then to Thee, our praises bow,
And humbly Thy acceptance crave:
Since 'tis to Thee our selves we owe,
And to Thy bounty all we have.
Glory to Thee great God alone
Three Persons in one Deity:
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and still for ever be.

L Oyd to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress:

I call, I sigh, plain and groan, Trusting to find release.

Hear now O Lord, my request, for it is full due time:

And let thine ears eye be prest, Unto this prayer mine.

O Lord, our God, if thou wilt;
Our sins, and them peruse:
Who shall then escape, and say,
I can my self excuse?
But Lord thou art merciful,
And turn'st to us thy grace:
That for such hearts most careful,
Shouldst sent before thy face.

To God I put my whole trust,
My soul waits on his will:
For his promise is most just,
And I hope therein still.
My soul to God hath regard,
Waiting for him alway:
More than they that watch and ward,
To see the dawning day.

Let Israel then boldly
In the Lord, put his trust:
He is that God of mercy,
That his deliver must.
For he it is that must save
Israel from his sin:
And all such as surely have
Their confidence in him.

An Hymn.
Now, my soul, the day is gone
which in the Morn was shine:
Now it is glof: no more shall run,
Its Sun no longer shine.
True, alas! the day is gone,
O, were it only so:
It's not lost as well as done?
Lift up thy counts and know.

From what I've had we refrain'd,
to break the course of sin:
What new virtue have we gain'd
to make us rich within.
That our last and happy hour,
which brings us to our home:
Where we sing, and bless the pow'r
that made us thither come.

O my God! of Life and Death
the Everlasting King:
Since thou giv'st to all their breath,
may all Thy Glory sing.
Glory, Honour, Pow'r and Praise
to the Myfterious Three:
As at first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

L Oyd to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress:

I call, I sigh, plain and groan, Trusting to find release.

Hear now O Lord, my request, for it is full due time:

And let thine ears eye be prest, Unto this prayer mine.

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L Oyd to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress:

I call, I sigh, plain and groan, Trusting to find release.

Hear now O Lord, my request, for it is full due time:

And let thine ears eye be prest, Unto this prayer mine.

O Lord I am not puffed in mind, I have no scornful eye:

I do not ex-er-cise myself, in things that be too high.

But as the child that weaned is,
 e'en from his Mother's Breast;
 So have I Lord behav'd my self,
 in silence and in rest.

Israel trust in the Lord,
 let him be all thy stay;
 From this time forth forevermore,
 from Age to Age I say.

O Lord I am not puffed in mind, I have no scornful eye:

I do not ex-er-cise myself in things that be too high.

O Lord I am not puffed in mind, I have no scornful eye:

I do not ex-er-cise myself in things that be too high.

O Lord I am not puffed in mind, I have no scornful eye:

I do not ex-er-cise myself in things that be too high.

O how hap-py a thing it is, and joy-ful for to see:

Brethren to-ge-ther fast to hold the band of A-mi-tie.

It calls to mind the sweet perfume,
 and that costly Oymment:
 Which on the Sacrificer's head
 by God's precept was spent.

And as the tower ground doth drain
 the dew of Hermon Hill:
 And soon with his Silver drops
 the field with Fruit doth fill.

It wet not Barons head alone,
 but stretch'd his beard throughout:
 And finally it did run down
 his rich attire about.

E'en to the Lord doth pour on them
 his blessings manifold:
 whose hearts and minds without all
 this knot do keep and hold.

O how hap-py a thing it is, and joy-ful for to see:

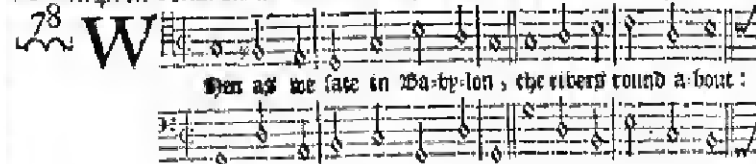
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O how hap-py a thing it is, and joy-ful for to see:

Brethren to-ge-ther fast to hold the band of A-mi-tie.



Then they to whom we prisoners were
said to us tauntingly:
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs,
and pleasant melody,
Alas, said we, who can once frame,
his sorrowful heart to sing
The praises of our loving God,
thus under a strange King!

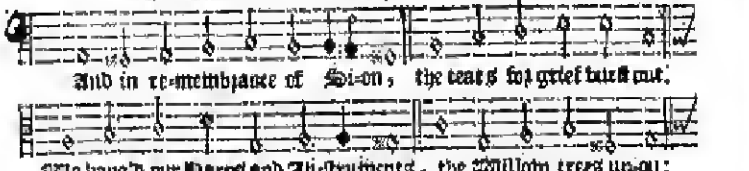
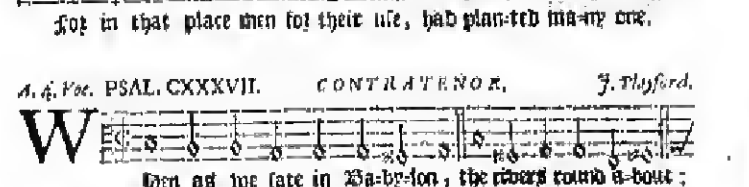
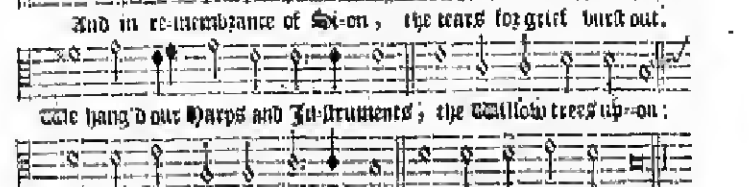
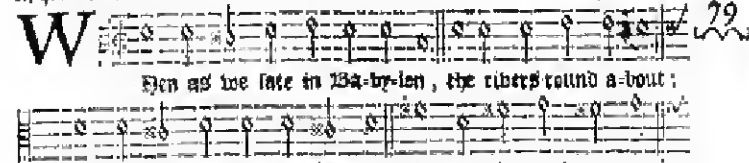
But yet if I Jerusalem,
out of my heart let sigh:
Then let my fingers quite forget
the sounding Harpe to guide,
And let my tongue with truth my mouth,
be tied for ever fast:
If that I joy before I see
thy full deliverance past.

Therefore, O Lord, remember now,
the cursed noise and cry:
That thine Enemies against us made,
when they rais'd our City.
Remember, Lord, their cruel words,
when as with our accord: (walls)
They cry'd, Oh, sack, and raze their
in despite of the Lord.

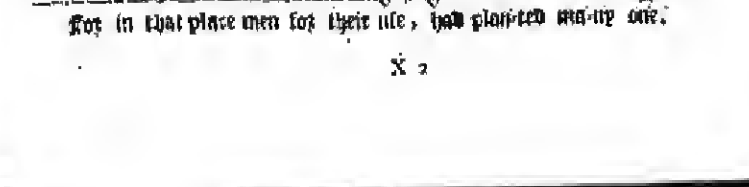
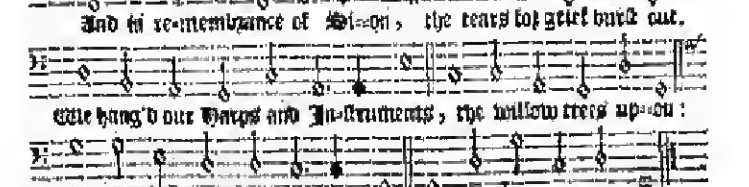
Oh'n shalt thou, O Babylon,
at length to dust be brought:
And happy shall that man be call'd,
that our revenge hath brought.
Yea, blessed shall that man be call'd
that takes thy children young:
To dash their bones against hard
which lye the streets among. (Dones)

Answer, Psalm CXXVI. To this Tune.
When thine bondage God turn'd back,
as men that dream'd were we:
Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody.
They mong the Heathen said, the Lord
great things for them hath wrought:
The Lord hath done great things for us,
whence joy to us is brought.

As streams of water in the South,
our bondage, Lord, recal:
Who sow in Tears, a reaping time
of Joy, enjoy they shall.
That man, who bearing precious seed
in going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his slaves
rejoycing shall return.



Then they to whom we prisoners were
said to us tauntingly:
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs,
and pleasant melody,
Alas, said we, who can once frame,
his sorrowful heart to sing
The praises of our loving God,
thus under a strange King!



Lord upon thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me;

And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

As incense let my prayers be,
Directed in thine eyes;
And the uplifting of my hands
an evening sacrifice.

O Lord, for guiding of my mouth,
Set thou a watch before;
And also of my moving lips,
O Lord, keep thou the door,
That I should wicked words commit
incline thou not my heart:
With ill men of their delicacies,
Lord let me ear no part.

But let the righteous smite me Lord,
for that is good for me:
Let him reprove me, and the same
a precious oil shall be.

Such smiting shall not break my head,
the time shall shortly fall;
When I shall in their misery
make prayers for them all.

Then when in lonely places down
their Judges shall be fall:
Then shall they hear my words, for
they have a pleasant taste.

Our bones about the graves mouth
be knatter'd are they found;
As he that heareth wood, or he
that diggeth up the ground.

But O my Lord my God, mine eyes
do look up unto thee:
In thee is all my trust, let not
my soul forsake me.

Which they have laid to catch me in,
Lord keep me from the snare:
And from the subtil gear of them
that wicked workers are.

The wicked into their own nets
together let them fall;
While I do by thy help escape
the danger of them all.

Director to this Tune.
PSAL. CXXXIX.

O Lord thou hast me search'd & known,
my sitting down thou know'st:
My rising up, my thoughts each one,
thou see'st, when distant most.
Thou compass'st my path, my bed,
and all my wayes dost note:
There's not a word my tongue hath said,
but thou do'st fully know't.
Behind, before, thou hast beset,
and on me laid thy hand:
Such knowledge is too great to get,
too high to understand.

Where from thy Spirit shall I go,
or from thy presence fly?
Make I my bed in Hell below,
or climb to Heaven high?
Behold thou art in each of these,
if morning-wings me bear
To dwell in parts of utmost Seas:
thy hand shall lead me there.

There thy right hand shall hold me fast,
and if I say dark night
shall cover me with Skies o're-cast;
all shall surround with light.

Yea, darkness hides not from thy sight,
but night and day shines clear:
To thee, the darkness and the light
do both alike appear.

For thou hast pow'rfully possess'd
my reins most secret room:
And cover'd in the secretest,
my Mothers narrow Womb.

I'll praise thee, that hast made me thus,
of rare and fearful frame:
Thy handy-works are marvellous,
well knows my soul the same.

My substance was not hid from thee,
when secretly compos'd:
Most curiously thou form'd'st me,
in earth dark caves inclos'd.

Thus

Lord up-on thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:

And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

Lord upon thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:

And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

Thine eye saw my rude substance there,
thy Hook my members nam'd:
Which in continuance fashion'd were,
whilst yet they were not fram'd.

How precious I thy thoughts account,
O God, how great's their sum:
The sands in number they sit mount,
if they to reck'ning come.

And whensoever I awake,
Lord I am still with thee:
And know that thou revenge wilt take
on them that wicked be.

W. B.

A Hymn for the Morning.

Come lets adore the Gracious hand,
that brings us to this light:
That gave his Angels strict command
to be our guard this night.

When we laid down our weary head;
and sleep seal'd up our eye:
They stood and watch'd about our bed
to let no harm come nigh.

Now we are up, they still go on,
and guide us through the day:
They never leave their charge alone,
what e're befalls our way.

And, O my Soul, how many snares
be spread before our feet!
In all our joyes, in all our cares,
some danger still we meet.

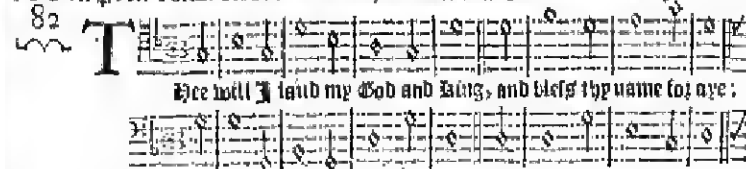
Sometimes the sin does us o'retake,
and on our weakness win:
Sometimes our selves our ruin make,
and we o'retake the sin.

O save us, Lord, from all those darts
That seek our souls to slay:
Save us, from us, and our false hearts,
lest we our selves betray.

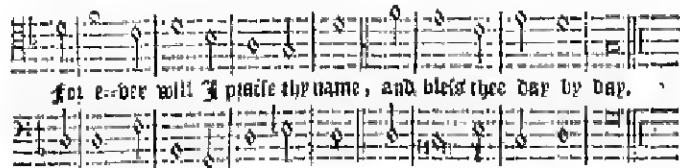
Save us, O Lord, to that we cry,
from whom all blessings spring:
We on thy grace alone rely,
alone thy glory sing.

Glory to Thee, Eternal Lord,
thrice Blessed Three in One!
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
fill time it self be done.

Y



Thou wilt I laud my God and King, and blest thy name for aye:



For ever will I praise thy name, and blest thee day by day.

Great is the Lord most worthy praise
his greatness none can reach:
From race to race thy works
praise, and thy power preach.

Of thy glorious Majesty,
thy beauty will record:
And meditate upon thy works,
most wonderful O Lord.

And they shall of thy power and of
thy fearful acts declare:
And I to publish all abroad,
thy greatness will not spare.

And they unto the generation shall
break off thy goodness great:
And I aloud thy righteousness
in singing shall repeat.

The Lord our God is gracious,
and merciful also:
Of great abounding mercy, and
to anger he is slow.

Pea good to all, and all his works
his mercy doth exceed:
No all the works do praise thy Lord,
and do thy honour spread.

Thy Saints do blest thee, & they do
thy kingdom glorify thee:
And blaze thy power, to cause the sons
of men his power to know.

And of his mighty kingdom they
to spread the glorious praise:
Thy kingdom Lord, a kingdom is,
that doth endure alway.

And thy dominion through each age
endures without decay:
The Lord upholdeth them that fall,
their doing he doth stay.

The eyes of all do wait on thee,
thou dost them all relieve:
And thou to each suffering soul,
in season dost give.

Thou openest thy bounteous hand,
and bounteously dost fill:
All things whatsoever both live,
with gifts of thy good will.

The Lord is just in all his ways,
his works are holy all:
None all he is that call on him,
in truth that on him call.

He the desires which they require,
that fear him will fulfill:
And he will hear them when they cry,
and save them all he will.

The Lord preserves all those to him
that bear a loving heart:
But he all them that wicked are,
will utterly subvert.

My thankful mouth shall gladly speak
the greatness of the Lord:
All flesh to praise his holy name,
for ever shall accord.

Another Psalm V. To this Tune.

Lord to my words incline thine ear
my meditation weigh:
My King, my God, vouchsafe to hear
my cry, to thee I pray.

Thou in the morn shall have my moan,
for in the morn will I
Direct my prayers to thy Throne,
and thither lift mine eye.

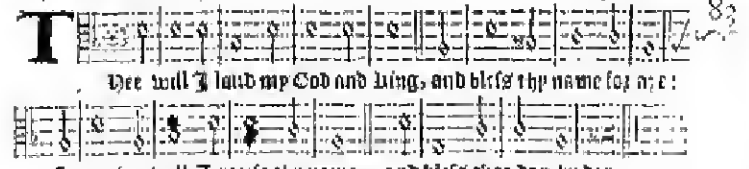
Thou art a God whose puritie
cannot in sin delight:
No evil Lord shall dwell with thee,
nor fools stand in thy sight.

Thou hat'st those that unjustly do:
thou slay'st the man that lye:
The bloody man, the false one too,
shall be abhor'd by thee.

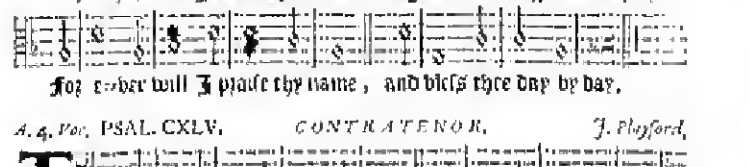
But in th' abundance of thy Grace,
will I to thee draw near:
And toward thy most Holy place
will worship thee in fear.

Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
because of all my foes:
And to my Jym and sinful eyes,
thy perfect way disclose.

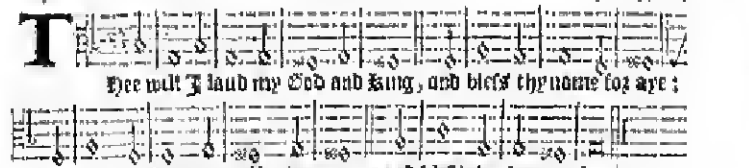
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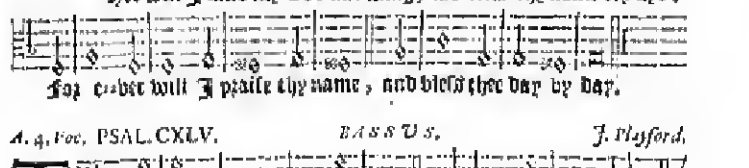
Thou wilt I laud my God and King, and blest thy name for aye:



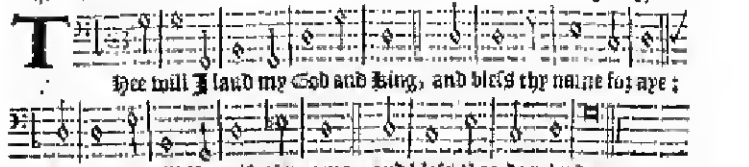
For ever will I praise thy name, and blest thee day by day.



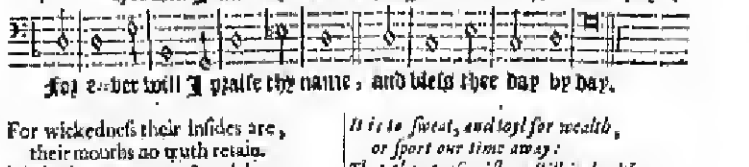
Thou wilt I laud my God and King, and blest thy name for aye:



For ever will I praise thy name, and blest thee day by day.



Thou wilt I laud my God and King, and blest thy name for aye:



For ever will I praise thy name, and blest thee day by day.

For wickedness their insides are,
their mouths no truth retain.
Their throat an open Sepulcher,
their flattering tongues do feign.

Destroy them, Lord, and by their own
bad counsels let them fall:
In high of their transgression,
O Lord, reject them all.

Because against thy Majesty,
they vainly have rebell'd:
But let all those that trust in thee
with perfect joy be fill'd.

Yea, shout for joy for evermore
protected still by thee:
Let them that do thy name adore,
in that still joyful bee.

For God doth righteous men esteem;
and them for ever blest.
His favour shall encompass them,
a shield in their distress.

It is to sweat, and toil for wealth,
or sport our time away:
That thou preserve us still in health,
and give us this new day.

No, no unskillful soul, not so,
be not deceiv'd with toys:
Thy Lord's commands more wisely go
and aim at higher joys.

They did us wake to seek new grace,
and some fresh virtue gain:
They call us up to mend our pace
till we the prize attain.

That glorious prize for which all run,
who wisely spend their breath,
Who when this weary life is done,
are sure of rest in death.

Not such a rest as here we prove,
disturb'd with cares and fears:
But endless joy; and peace, and love;
unmixt with grief and tears.

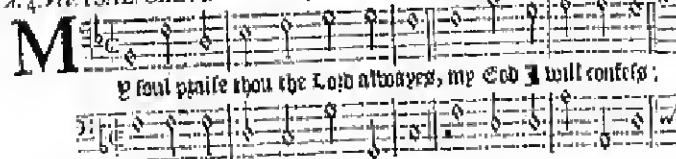
G. H. Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord!
who give'st to all things breath:
Glory to thee, Eternal Word,
who save'st us by thy death.

Glory, O blessed Spirit to thee,
who fill'st our souls with love:
Glory to all the blessed three,
who Reign one God above.

Y 2

An Hymn.

Lord, we again lift up our eyes,
and leave our sluggish beds:
But why we wake, or why we rise,
come seldom in our beds.



Trust not in worldly riches then,
though they abound in wealth;
Nor in the Sons of mortal men
in whom there is no health.

For both their breath doth soon depart
to earth anon they fall:
And then the counsels of their hearts
decay and perish all.

O happy is that man, I say,
whom Jacobs God doth aid,
And he whose hope doth not decay,
but on the Lord is laid.

Which made the earth and waters
the Heavens high withal: (deep,
Which both his word and promise
in truth, and ever shall.

With right alway doth he proceed,
for such as suffer wrong:
The poor and hungry he doth feed,
and loose the fetters strong.

The Lord doth send the blind their
the lame to limbs restore;
The Lord (I say) doth love the right,
and just man evermore.

He doth defend the fatherless,
and strangers sad in heart:
And quies the widows from distress,
and all mens ways subvert.

Thy Lord and God eternally,
O Sign will shall reign:
To time of all posterity,
for ever to remain.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

TO God (my soul) his praises give,
and bless him whilst I live:
I will to him my thanks up send,
until my being end.

Put not in Princes any trust,
Nor in the Sons of dust:
Who nor themselves, nor others save
from the devouring grave.

Soon as man breathless do remain,
he turns to earth again,
And, as his time of life expires,
so perish his desires.

O therefore happy he, whose faith
on God reliance hath:
Who makes the fear of him his scope,
and object of his hope.

He Heav'n and earth and sea did frame,
with all that those contain:
And when their form is quite decay'd,
His truth shall ever last.

He doth the wronged help to right,
who are oppress'd by might:
Feeds those that are to want expos'd,
and hath the Captives loo'd.

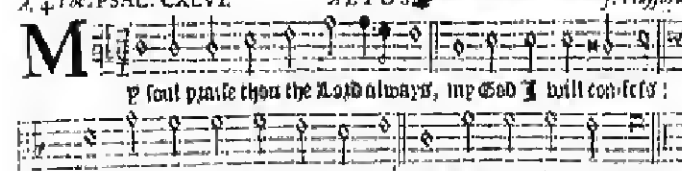
He to the blind restores their eyes,
he makes the fallen to rise:
He upon such bestows his care,
who just and faithful are.

The Lord all strangers doth receive,
and fatherless relieve:
When wicked men are overthrow'd,
and all their hopes cast down.

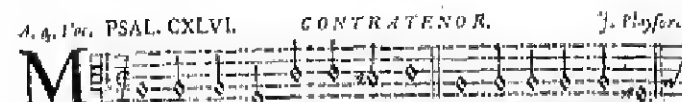
The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
his Glory still remains:
Then to thy everlasting King
Eternal praises sing.

All Glory, Honour, Power and Praise
to our great God on high:
As first beginning was, is now,
and to Eternity.

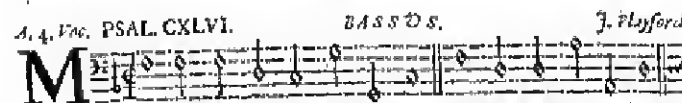
II. K.



While breath and life prolong my days, my tongue no time shall cease.



While breath and life prolong my days, my tongue no time shall cease.



While breath and life prolong my days, my tongue no time shall cease.

While breath and life prolong my days, my tongue no time shall cease.

A Hymn. To this Tune.

When would my thoughts fly up to thee,
thy peace sweet Lord to find,
But when I offer, still the world
lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
and thence look down below:
How nothing, there, do all things seem
that here make such a show.

Then round about I turn mine eyes
to feast my hungry sight:
I meet with Heav'n in every thing,
in every thing delight.

I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
and it with joy admire:
I see myself among such hopes
as sets my heart on fire.

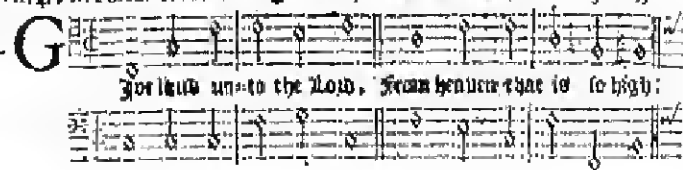
When I have thus Triumph'd a while,
and think to build my nest:
Some cross conceits come flattering by
and interrupt my rest.

Then to the Earth again I fall,
and from my low dust cry,
'Twas not my Wing, Lord, but Thine,
that I got up so high.

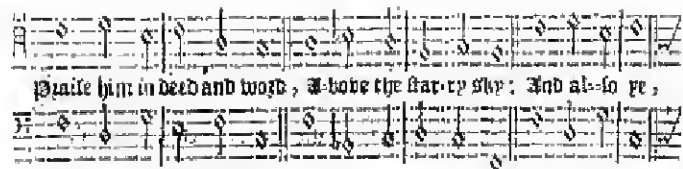
And now my God, whether I rise;
or still lie down in dust:
Both I submit to thy blest will,
in both, on thee I trust.

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself
my Everlasting end:
That every step, or swift, or slow,
still to Thyself may tend.

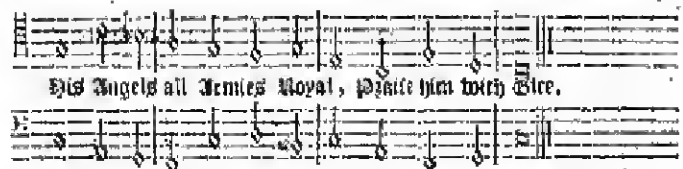
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one Consubstantial Three:
All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
now, and for ever be.



For land un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:



Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,



His Angels all Armies Roy-al, Praise him with Glee.

Praise him both Moon and Sun,
Which are so clear and bright;
The same of you be done,
By all the stars of light,
And the no less,
Ye Heavens fair,
And Clouds of the air,
His laud express.

For at his word they were
All formed as we see:
At his voice did appear
All things in these spheres,
Which he set fast,
To them he made
A Law and Trade
For aye to last.

Errand and praise shall praise,
On earth ye Dragons tell;
All deeps do ye the same,
For it becomes you well.
What magnify,
Fire, Hail, Ice, Snow,
And Storms that blow
At his decree.

The Hills and Mountains all
And Trees that fruitful are;
Thee Cedars great and tall,
His worthy praise declare.

Beasts and Cattel,
Ye Birds flying,
And creeping creeping,
That on earth dwell,

All Kings both more and less;
Which all their pompous train:
Princes and all Judges
That in the world remain,
Glorify his Name.
Young Men and Maids,
Old Men and Babies,
Do ye the same.

For his Name shall we praise
To be most excellent,
Whose praise is far above
The Earth and Firmament.
For sure he shall
Glorify with bliss
The horn of his,
And help them all.

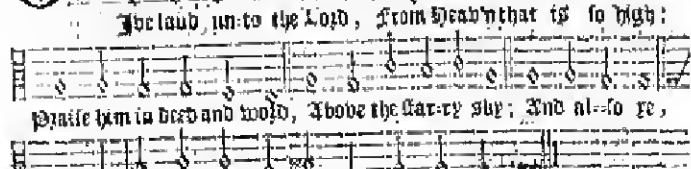
His Saints all shall forth-tell
His praise and truthfulness;
The Children of Israel,
Each one both more and less,
And also they
That with good will
His words will tell,
And him obey.



For land un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:

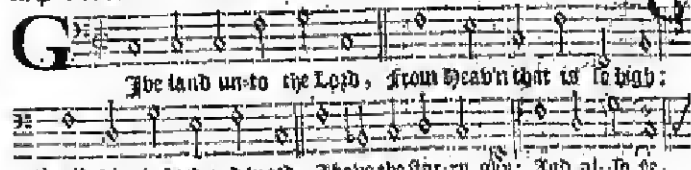


Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,

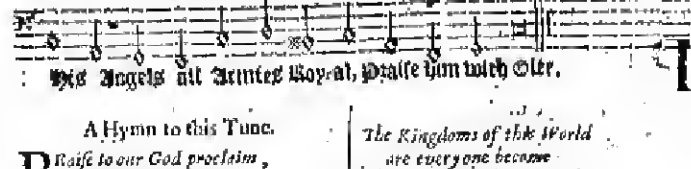


His Angels all Armies Roy-al, Praise him with Glee.

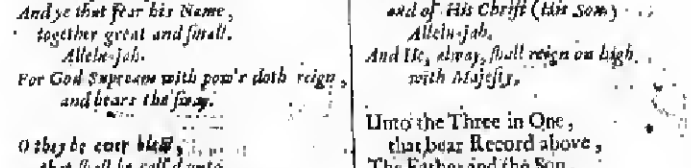
A. 4. For. PSAL. CXLVIII. • CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.



For land un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:



Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,



His Angels all Armies Roy-al, Praise him with Glee.

A Hymn to this Tune.

Praise to our God proclaim,
O ye his servants all:
And ye that fear his Name,
Together great and small.
Allelu-jah.

For God Supreme with pow'r doth reign,
and bears the sway.

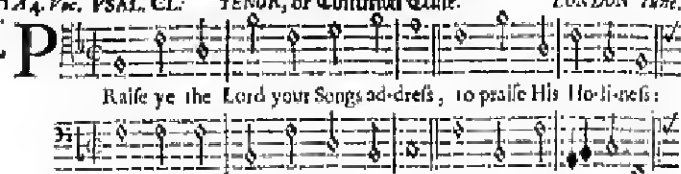
O thy be ever bless'd,
that shall be call'd unto:
The Lamb's great Marriage Feast,
These are Gods words most true,
Allelu-jah.

Strength, glory, pow'r, and fame, to our
Lord God alway.

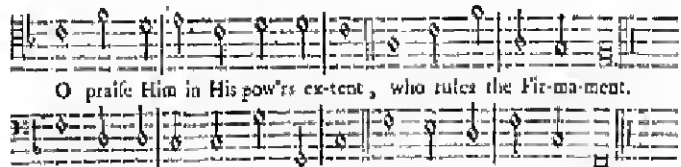
The Kingdoms of the World
are every one become
The Kingdoms of our Lord,
and of His Christ (his Son).
Allelu-jah,
And He, alway, shall reign on high,
with Majesty.

Unto the Three in One,
that bear Record above,
The Father and the Son,
and Holy Spirit of Love,
be Glory high,
As first begun, so shall be done
Eternally.

88 A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. TENOR, or Common Tune. LONDON Tune.



Raise ye the Lord your Songs ad-dress, to praise His Ho-li-ness:



O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

Praise Him for all His acts of might,
our wonder which invite:
In praises due, his greatness tell,
which all things doth excel.

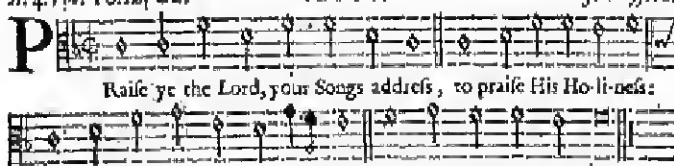
Praise Him with Timbrels and advance
His honour in the Dance:
Praise him with Organs, Viols, Flutes,
and the well-stringed Lutes.

Praise Him with trumpets lofty sound,
with Cornets shake the ground:
His praise the Ptery iaspire,
with the melodious Lyre.

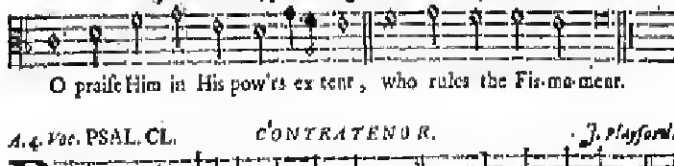
With Cymbals loud Him Magnifie,
praise Him on Cymbals high:
Let ev'ry Creature that hath breath
His Maker praise till death.

H. K.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. ALTUS. J. Playford.

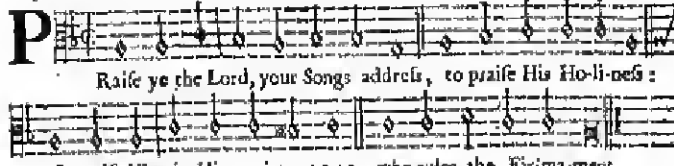


Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

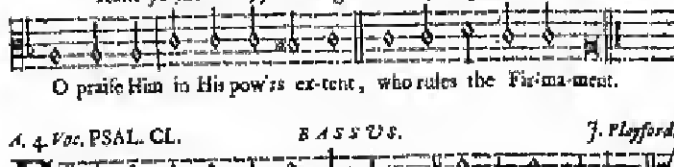


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

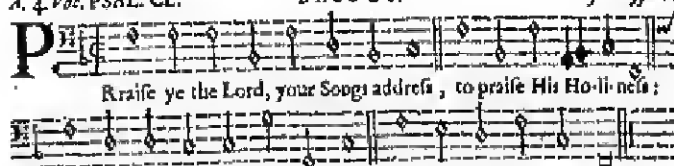


Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

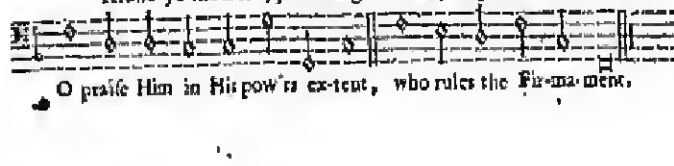


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. BASSUS. J. Playford.



Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

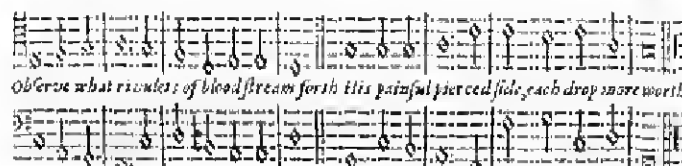


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A Hymn for Good Friday. TENOR, & French Tune. J. Playford. 89



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:



Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth this painful pierced side, each drop more worth

Than Tongue of Men and Angels can express:
Hast to him, cursed Calise, and confess
All thy misdeeds, and sighing say, 'twas I,
That caus'd thee thus my Lord my Christ to dye.

O let Thy death secure my soul from fears,
And I will wash Thy Wounds with brinish Tears:
Grant me, sweet Jesu, from thy precious store,
One Cleansing drop, with Grace to sin no more.

W. Stroud D. D.

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. ALTUS. J. Playford.

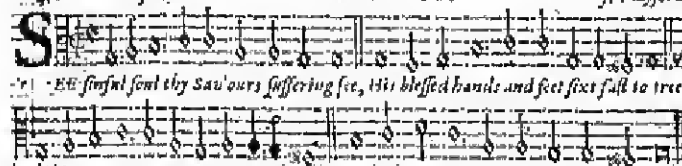


EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:

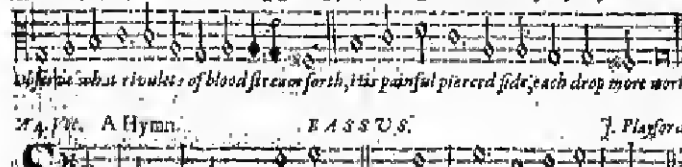


Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth this painful pierced side, each drop more worth

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:

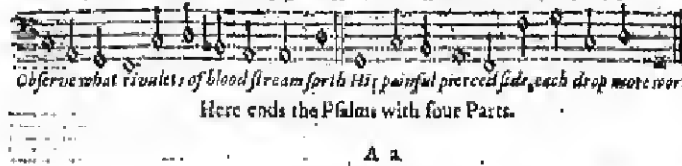


Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth this painful pierced side, each drop more worth

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. BASSUS. J. Playford.



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:



Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth this painful pierced side, each drop more worth

Here ends the Psalm with four Parts.

90 Here followeth six Divine Songs for One Voice to
the Organ, Lute, or Viol.

PSAL. 1. Mr. Sam. Woodfords Translation.

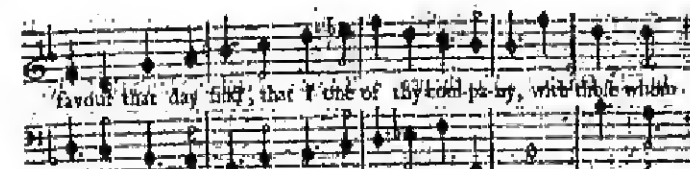
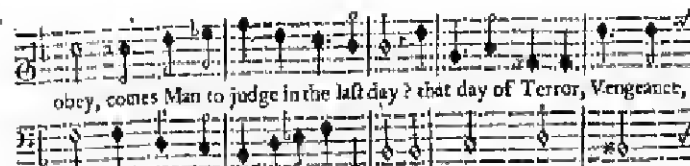
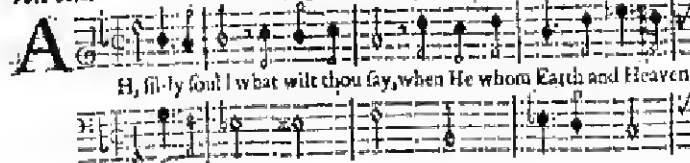
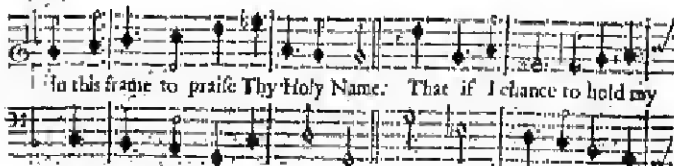
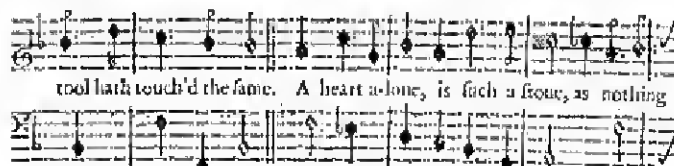
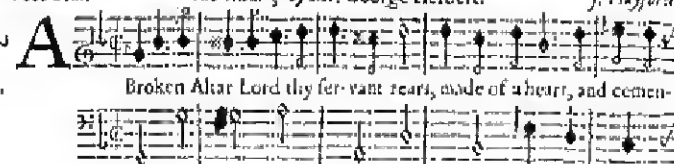
Thrice happy man who in the beaten wayes of careless sinners ne-ver
blindly strays in the Assemblies, nor maintains their part, their Scoffs, or
their debates will hear: But leave the place as well as chear, and keeps his
ears as guiltless as his heart; Who in th' Almightyes Law his age doth spend,
grows old in that which will his age commend. By day he reads it, meditates ar-
night; makes it his guide, makes it his stay, his greatest business night and day,
but lets his business makes it than delight.

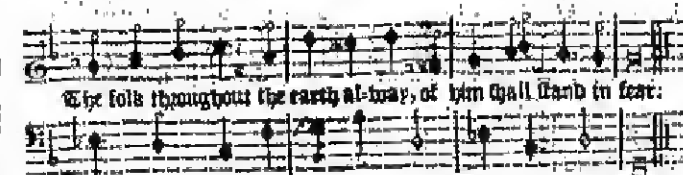
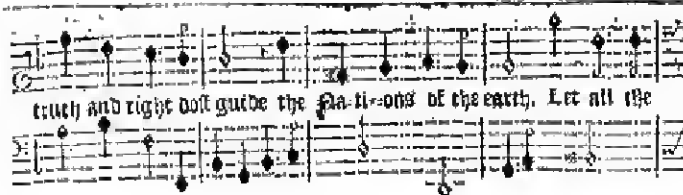
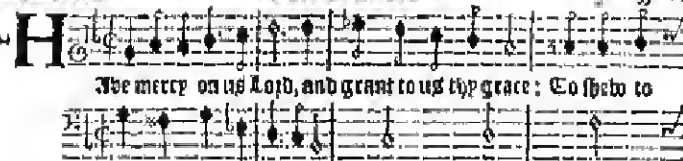
Voice Solo.

On a quiet Conscience.

J. Playford.

Close thine eyes and sleep secure, Thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure:
He that guards thee, He thee keeps, Who ne-ver slumbers, ne-ver sleeps.
A quiet Conscience in a quiet brest, Has only peace, has on-ly rest.
The Musick and the Mirsh of Kings are out of tune un-less she sings,
Then close thine eyes in peace and rest se-cure, no sleep so sweet as
thine, no rest so sure.





O All ye Nations record the Praises of the Lord: Ye people

through the U-ni-verse your Maker: Praise rehearse. For he to us great

Kindness shews, and Mercies large bestowes * His constant truth no

time decays, the Lord for e-ver Praise. *Al-le-lu-jah*

Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah,

Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah,

Al-le-lu-jah,

Gloria Patri & Filio & Spiritui Sancto: & Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio & nunc & nunquam & semper & in secula & in secula
seculo-rum, Amen. se-cu-la se-cu-la-rum, Amen.

Gloria Patri & Filio & Spiritui Sancto: & Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio & nunc & nunquam & semper & in secula & in secula
seculo-rum, Amen. se-cu-la se-cu-la-rum, se-cu-la-rum, Amen.

Gloria Patri & Filio & Spiritui Sancto: & Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio & nunc & nunquam & semper & in secula & in secula
seculo-rum, Amen. se-cu-la se-cu-la-rum, se-cu-la-rum, Amen.

Gloria Patri & Filio & Spiritui Sancto: & Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio & nunc & nunquam & semper & in secula & in secula
seculo-rum, Amen. se-cu-la se-cu-la-rum se-cu-la-rum, Amen.

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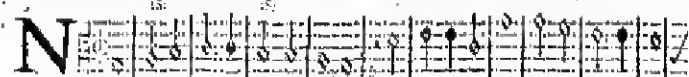
Gloria Patri. Four Parts.

97

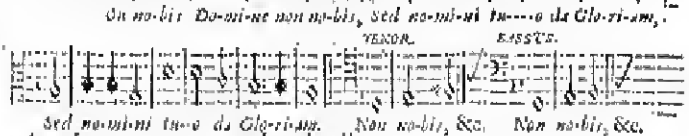
FINIS.

96
180

A 3. Voc. A Canon In the 4th and 8th below. Psalm 115. *Vers. Prim.*



18



On no-bis Do-mi-ne non no-bis, Sed no-mi-ni tu-o da Glo-ri-am.
Sed no-mi-ni tu-o da Glo-ri-am. Non no-bis, &c. Non no-bis, &c.

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